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THE WEALTH OF AMERICAN FORESTS

BY MITCHELL MANNERING



THE wealth wrought from the American forests each year exceeds in value the total products of all the mines, gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and lead. The value of this log harvest outstrips even that of the combined wheat and cotton crop. A startling statement, perhaps, which can hardly be comprehended at first sight, but one, nevertheless, of fact and figures. There is in the lumber and logging interests of America to-day an industrial army in actual camp life as large as that of many of the standing armies of Europe. No further need, then, of emphasizing the overshadowing importance of our lumber products.

A glimpse into these "camps of peace," located in the dense primeval forest of the North and Northwest, and many also in the South, is most fascinating in its interest. During the month of February the logging camps of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and other Northern lumber districts are in full blast. The tote roads have been made during the previous fall when the supplies were hauled in, and the snug little camp-city is a busy hive of industry by October 1st. The snappy cold weather comes on, an atmospheric condition, which, together with the right ratio of snow, is all the log-

ger desires to complete, in these busy days of toil and hardship, his cup of content.

THE THERMOMETER IN AN ECLIPSE.

The bulb registered thirty-two degrees below the cipher when we started out on a tote road, running parallel with the classic



THE "SWAMPER."

Drawn by Walter L. Greene.

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and picturesque Brule river in Northern Wisconsin. Cold, keen and dry was the biting air. The first few miles were enjoyed

lence of these great forests seems to compel a reverential and poetic mood in which one can almost fancy the huge trees to be the pillars of some Doric temple of long ago.

As the journey progressed, the steady biting wind began to penetrate even the heaviest woollens. Nothing but fur, Nature's protector, can keep out these winds. Our feet seem to grow leaden at the heels and the limbs to numb. A brisk walk behind the sleigh was necessary to keep the blood in circulation. Miles and moments now became a burden—would we never reach the camp? At each turn of the



AN ORDERLY "JAM" ON THE DRIVE.

peering through a woollen hood at the gigantic primeval pines, which lined the roadway and made it seem like an interminable tunnel of rich green foliage. The snow crunched beneath the horses' hoofs in a way that was an infallible indication of the biting temperature, but the rushing stream beside the road refused in its swift rapids and breathing springs to be imprisoned in the Frost King's icy grasp. Bubbling forth from icy fountains, the unconquerable Brule, famous in Indian legends and traditions, flowed on a ceaseless current to the waters of Gitche Gumeé, native to Hiawatha. The tall pines, majestic and constant companions for a century or more, seem to bid defiance to onslaught of the hunters for gold and gain. The branches are high and the underbrush sparse. The white carpet on the hillside lighted by the faint and dainty shadows of the winter sun was a most appropriate background for the bright green overhead. "God's first temples," wrote Bryant of such a scene. The very si-

road we anxiously peered for it. The old stories of land-lookers and the millionaire lumber kings of to-day who, in early times, had located their "golden forties," were recalled. There was a suggestion of real soldiering in the hardships endured now, and even the sufferings of the patriots at Valley Forge were suggested. But the great army of "land-lookers" or pioneers reap little of the harvest. That was left for the shrewd generals, who "figured."

THE LOGGING CAMP IN VIEW.

What a welcome sight it was to see those



THE TROUT STREAM AMONG THE PINES.

little log shanties nestling close together near the bank of the stream! There are those who go into such camps to study "problems," socialistic writers, who expect to find in the sturdy human beings working there, specimens of some horned variety. The rough and ready mode of living is held up to scholastic ridicule, but to one who has lived among the loggers, generous, open-hearted, manly fellows, many of them, there is a poetic side—aye

was the bristling little box stove, always red-hot or stone cold, with a pile of split birch wood close at hand, set into a nest of sawdust to catch the stray sprays of tobacco coming from the "deacon" benches standing near. The eternal can of water was boiling to "keep the air right." The lumbermen, clad in the woolly and belted mackinaws of many and checkered hues, and German socks, always have a deep-voiced "How are ye?" for the stranger in



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE LOGGERS' CAMP.

Drawn by Walter L. Greene.

—a heroic aspect—entirely overlooked by the superficial and supercilious "scholar" who makes a "problem" of what is simply an axiom.

There is a hale and genial greeting from the teamster. The gray winter twilight leaves no shadows, and the silver fringe of icicles on the little group of cabins, and the white crested hills dappled with green in the distance, make a picture with real atmosphere. Yes, the atmosphere was apparent as the cold, seemingly bloodless, feet were dragged into the men's shanty. There

camp. That is, if "Mike" or "Ole" have entirely conquered English. The teamsters in the professional automatic manner soon had the horses stowed away in the snug stables, complacently eating hay and comfortably blanketed. There was an air of coziness everywhere, even if the arrangements appeared crude. The loggers soon after began coming in from work, swamper, skidders and the rollicking, noisy teamsters. The amber tinted icicles are extracted from beard and mustache with a cheery salutation. The cook, generally a French Cana-

dian, and the cookees are always ready with a smile, notwithstanding that their hours extend from three a. m. to nine and ten p. m.,—with no thought of a strike except the strike in the morning of an alarm clock. The wash basins, towels and mirrors were kept busy as the sturdy Scandinavians and Irishmen soused their heads and combed their hair carefully, sometimes with grease in the old-time circus fashion, plastered down on one side and combed up on the other.

INTO THE BANQUET HALL WE GO.

And it is a banquet hall. Scenes from Sir Walter Scott, of the wild boar feasts, would come to mind. The long, rough tables, covered with gaily decorated oil cloth and tin cups—a whiskey flask in use for vinegar, an array of catsup and sauce bottles, pepper and salt in original packages. Beans, always pork and beans, and such beans, which even the Boston brand cannot excel. Beef and vegetables in abundance, pie, cake, doughnuts, soup, a feast indeed, and every mouthful more relished than the daintiest morsel at Delmonico's. When the array of mammoth kettles and utensils used in providing food for a hundred labor-worn woodsmen are seen, only then can you have some adequate idea of the extent of a "logger's" appetite.

Perhaps in the decoration of the room there was lacking the taste of a woman's hand. Calendars, pictures, cards, advertisements, as thickly strewn, and as impudently affronting as those in a street car,—and there was a certain air of homeiness and camaraderie that was refreshing in these days of snobbish "exclusiveness." The rough logs which served as rafters fairly shook from the peals of laughter over a new joke on Peetles, Peter Peetles—every camp must have its Peetles,—who is initiated into the mysteries of the secret order of "Boo Boos." Each man soon possesses an expressive name or brevet title. "Can-ada Jack," "Curly," "Kalamazoo," "Texas," "Halifax," in addition to scores of Bilious Bills, Hungry Ikes, and plain Johns and Toms without number.

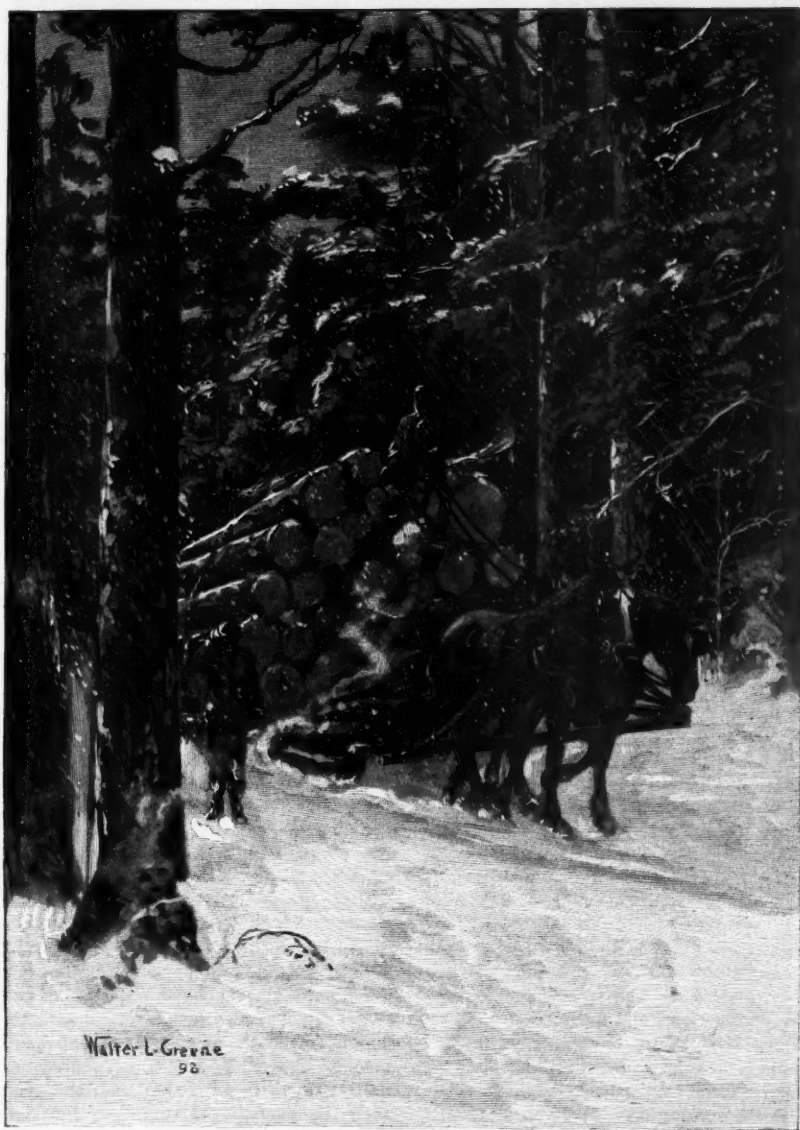
The clatter of the dishes when the eating campaign is under full sway has an echo of cheeriness and convivial good nature as

the tin cups are passed for more of "Cook's famous tea,"—which has been brewing to a terrific strength for some hours past. The cookees are usually and eternally paring potatoes and vegetables for the morrow, or bringing in wood, as waiting on the table is not attended with much ceremony when the strong arms, that wield an axe or a cant-hook, are available and capable of a good "reach." Throwing their legs over the back of the bench, each one leaves the table without any excuses or apologies. The rapid eater gets out his pipe—a straw to clean it—a match—a puff and contentment reigns supreme in that increasing incense of blue smoke.

A COZY EVENING "AT HOME."

The thick coating of frost sparkles warningly on the windows of the cold night coming, but this is of little consequence in the snug camp. It is indeed a "home" to the "Lumber Jacks." The teamsters flit about the stables with lanterns, like gnomes, until late in the evening. "Whoa, Bill," "Get over, Jim," and a volley of vivid elocutionary efforts ring out on the crisp air. The big horses are as carefully attended as if they were human beings. Each teamster is anxious to haul the "big load of the season" or make the best day's record. There may be a sick horse, in which case no human being could be given more tender and considerate care. The heavy harness and trappings glisten with brass and tassels. A royal coachman was never more jealous of his professional reputation than a typical teamster in a logging camp.

It is not long after the evening meal before the drowsiness of a hearty supper and the day's work in the open air asserts itself. Some of the day's adventures are talked over and the morrow's plans are discussed. A few rough jokes, stories and jibes are passed. The men pile in the double rows of bunks on either side after hanging out an "array of socks" to dry from the perspiration of the day's work. The felt boot and German socks are set out in a row, and "lights out" is now the order. A few go to the "Van," where stores and supplies, such as tobacco, shirts and socks are sold, the men having the amount charged on



"THE LAST LOAD DOWN" AT TWILIGHT.
Drawn by Walter L. Greene.



A CORNER IN THE MEN'S SHANTY ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Drawn by Louis F. Grant.

their "time check." The "Van" has a flavor of the old-time corner grocery.

The superintendent remains at the "Van" until late with the scalers, looking over reports of the day's work. He is the responsible head and directs all the work. His duties never seem to end. He is usually a practical man who has risen as a corporal from the ranks, and understands all details except the one hard struggle to make accounts balance. The scaler, with his yard stick, has stood all day taking diameters of logs, and making his estimates tally with the mill scale sheet. The sprinkling sleigh starts out on the nightly trip over the hauling roads to keep them smooth and icy. The snow plow is also called out when snow falls, to keep everything clear, and utilize each moment of the brief winter day. The cook and cookees wrestle with dishes long after the rafters of the men's shanty begin to shake with the snoring. The evening altogether seems a preparation for "to-morrow" all along the line. The ring of the anvil is perhaps heard late in the night, getting cant hooks sharpened to handle the logs

to-morrow or repairing a broken bunker or a sleigh. The general air of co-operation and disciplinary activity of a logging camp is as near Utopian as is possible with earthly affairs.

PEDDLERS' DAY IN CAMP.

It is usually Saturday that the delegation of peddlers arrive and there is little need of the sign "No Peddlers or Beggars Allowed." The peddler is nearly always an entertainer. Perhaps he has watches to sell. He disposes of a dozen or so of them, to be paid for when the time checks are cashed in the spring. Another song and the banjo and "another watch sold." The sale partakes of the nature of an auction. The shrewd peddler may have given away the first few watches to get the buyers started. Then the spirit of rivalry and a revival meeting mingle, while the peddler still sings and thrums and sells watches. Hundreds of dollars worth of goods are sold, and even then the men are sorry to see him go. Then the hospital ticket agent is always a frequent visitor and often a guardian angel to many poor fellows who meet with accidents or sickness and have no homes to

be sent to in case of an emergency. There is a risk of life in logging, and this perhaps adds fascination to those who follow it, and gives the camp still more the air of a soldiers' barracks. The clothing man also makes a visit, to take the measure for the new suits in which the boys are to blossom in the spring, when the camp breaks up.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN CAMP.

Sunday in camp is usually wash day and that is next thing to holy day. The day itself wears a Sunday aspect, even if there are no church chimes at hand to suggest it. A rather late breakfast, shaving, hair cutting, reading,—in some ways a long, dull day. The good women of the W. C. T. U. always supply the camps with plenty of newspapers, magazines and tracts. Imagine my satisfaction in this camp to find a copy of "The National Magazine," coverless, it is true, but well thumbed and dog-eared. There is a picturesque study in the types represented in a logging camp. Never yet does the camp lack the man who plays the fiddle, the harmonica, the accordion and the Jew's-harp. And never yet is the man lacking who can sing a song with as many verses as an old Calvinistic hymn. Then the shaky cabin floor, filled with knots, is made to feel the tremor of a "stag quadrille" or a "double shuffle," while the "deacon" seats are filled with admiring spectators. Sometimes there is a bit of pathos when with tears the men hear of how "Old Mike" died the day before at the hospital where he was taken with two crushed legs. The hat is passed and Mike's widow has a donation from their meagre monthly wages, which would make a millionaire think that the ratio of his income devoted to charity is paltry indeed.

THE FALL OF THE FOREST GIANT.

To me there was something thrilling and poetic in the cutting of a large pine tree.

It seemed almost like the slaughter of a human being. The sawyers began the task with measured stroke and the tiny stream of sawdust was like the trickling blood. The final moment came when the wedge was inserted to determine in which direction the tree should fall. This is frequently a dangerous task for the men, as the calculations are sometimes wrong. The blow upon the wedge,—the great tree quivers in every limb, the shaggy foliage shakes like the hoary locks that disturb the dreams of Macbeth. Another blow and the great giant totters. The forest companions outstretch their limbs as if to catch their falling comrade, and perhaps they do break the fall,—but it is only for a moment. The blow of the woodman's axe is as determined and sure as the one which falls on the executioner's block. Pillowed in its own luxuriant foliage, the giant tree lies awaiting dissection for the marts. No imposing obsequies, only a moment to lie in state, while the sunlight peeps through for a last look, the soft still winds of the forest chant a requiem. In the swaying branches



THE SKIDDERS AND CHAINERS AT WORK.

of the "brotherhood of trees" there is attuned a dirge for the departed giant of the forest, the most venerable of all inanimate things.

DETAIL AND ROUTINE WORK OF A CAMP.

The swampers prepare the roads. The trees are not "chopped down"; the sawyers

fell them and cut them into lengths 12, 14, and 16 feet. The teamsters and chainers haul them (without sleighs) and place them on skids from 20 to 40 feet in height, and from these they are hauled during February. The scalers are generally employed by the lumber company, and are not under the control of the camp foreman. Ice roads are prepared by hauling a sprinkling tank over the logging road. From holes in the tank, over the two runner tracks, streams of water flow, which fill the ruts creating level, icy roads, which make it possible to haul enormous loads. Logging railroads are being extensively built in northern Wisconsin, penetrating into almost inaccessible forests to transfer the logs direct to the larger rivers and lakes. The large timber is by no means exhausted, as I recently saw a train of Norway logs, which were magnificent specimens of that kind of timber. They run from 16 to 40 feet in length and some of the logs were three feet in diameter. One log forty feet long measured thirty-five inches in diameter at the small end.

SUMMER LOGGING AND THE DRIVES.

Of late, summer logging has been growing in favor. The longer days and cheaper labor of the summer months make summer logging profitable. Driving begins about April and lasts until nearly July. Wages are from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. A driver is supposed to be on duty all day and all night, and there is always peril and hardship in his work. This work consists of tumbling logs into the river, and of gradually working them for a distance of from five to twenty-five miles into Lake Superior or down to the Mississippi river. Driving is dangerous and exciting work and the log "sailors" in their spiked driving shoes are experts in "log rolling," and are seldom ducked. The logs are driven by opening dams and flooding the logs down. Where a jam occurs, such as is shown on another page, the drivers take their lives in their hands by mounting the logs and breaking them loose. Rafts are formed at the mouth of the inland streams, on Lake Superior or the Mississippi, and are towed to the mills at Ashland, Duluth and other saw mill cities.

EARLY LOGGING DAYS IN MAINE.

In these latter days, when the immense logging interests and timber operations of the West, North and South have become a well-defined science and an active factor in business calculations, the incidents of the comparatively meagre logging operations in Maine fifty years ago read like a romance. And yet to-day the leading men in the lumber trade always seem to take pride in tracing a lineage to Maine loggers. The shanty boys in the Maine woods are numerous among the lumber magnates of the West. The foundations for many of these great fortunes were laid, when with a pack on their back, these sturdy young men "located" the good pine forties, and proceeded to buy them before the land had scarcely been surveyed. Aside from this purchasing of cheap stumpage the lumber industry in itself has produced a larger profit in proportion to capital invested than the gold and silver mines. It has been the liberal contribution of nature herself laid into the hands of mankind without any speculative features and hazards of mining operations, and lumber has truly been a more generous wealth-producer than any other one product of our country.

THE MAGNITUDE OF WEALTH.

The forests of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan furnish employment for an army of men during the entire year, three times as large as the standing army of the United States. During the summer the saw mills, in the winter the lumber camps, and during the spring months the drives, furnish employment to as many men as the largest standing army of Europe.

The greatest natural wealth of the United States has been and still remains the lumber product. It takes away one's breath for a moment to comprehend the magnitude of this comparison. The industry so long identified as belonging chiefly to the state of Maine, has kept pace with the growth and development of this country. It is a curious working of the law of supply and demand that the increase in population and the consequent enlarged demand for more houses, more fences, more bridges, walks and railroad ties, occasioned by the phenomenal expansion of the West,—all of this

increased draft on Nature's resources has been promptly met by the lumber and timber of forests primeval.

During the year 1890 forest products of the United States to the enormous value of \$1,026,650,859 were used. In 1897 the amount of manufacturers' products had increased nearly one-third of this amount. On June 1st, 1897, there was in circulation in the United States money amounting to \$1,646,028,246. In other words, the year's aggregate cash value of the manufactured lumber products of the United States amounts to two-thirds of the total money in circulation. In 1890 the value of the products of the saw mills of the United States was thirty-three and a third per cent greater than the entire output of all the metallic productions of the United States. Value of products of saw mills of the United States for 1890, \$403,667,575; metallic products, \$305,735,670. In other words, the products of the saw mills were worth \$97,931,905 more than the sum total of all the metallic productions of the United States.

Talk about the silver question or the grain question! Sixty millions of dollars worth of silver mined yearly, and more than ten times that value hewn out of the forests, while the entire products of the gold mines do not foot up to more than an eighth of the value of the forests' products for a twelve-month.

What are the lumbermen thinking about that they do not form a political party on the saw-dust question?

Cotton is no longer king. The sceptre has passed over the corn fields of Iowa, and Illinois, and Lumber is king, and Ashland, Green Bay, Duluth, Muskegan, Cheboygan, Menominee, Manistee, the St. Croix Valley, the Wisconsin Valley and Minneapolis now produce wealth before which the cotton output of the South is insignificant.

WHAT PINE IS THERE LEFT?

The millionaire lumberman, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul, estimates that in Michigan there is standing pine to the amount of 10,000,000,000 feet; in Wisconsin, 20,000,000,000 feet, and in Minnesota, 35,000,000,000 feet. Thus in the three states, according to his reckoning there is 65,000,000,000 feet. If the annual cut shall be

6,000,000,000 feet hereafter, the total supply will last little more than ten years. But the annual cutting will depend on the demand.

STANDING LUMBER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Southern States	700,000,000,000 feet, B. M.
Northern States	500,000,000,000 " "
Pacific Coast	1,000,000,000,000 " "
Rocky Mountains, etc	100,000,000,000 " "
Grand total	9,300,000,000,000

The average annual cut being about forty million feet, the present supply of standing timber in the United States would last fifty-seven years.

THE LAST LOAD AT TWILIGHT.

Those who shiver in a glance at a winter scene, and can only appreciate the beauty of Nature in the spring and summer foliage lose the real depths of Nature's grandeur. The last load at twilight in a logging camp is a scene that has inspired the artist. The great trees which shelter from the sweeping winds of the prairies; the swirl of light falling snow; the deep, rich bark and the limbs of the trees dappled with the white feathery flakes,—in all this there is a peaceful and serene quietness that refreshes the very soul. The large, patient horses appear to have a mute appreciation. The swamper, with his axe on his shoulder, seen afar through the depths of the forest, is always cheerful with the spirit of winter's snapping energy. None of the slackening pace of autumn, the unfulfilled promise of spring, the languorous inertia of summer,—winter is the giant of the year. There are mighty air spaces, bold and defined outlines, positive though gentle coloring; the atmosphere invigorates and intoxicates, and Nature, clothed with full strength, stands forth in majestic ruggedness, the athlete of the seasons.

THE DESERTED LOGGING CAMP.

Goldsmith's lines on "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" suggested a visit to a deserted logging camp. It is well into the summer months. The roof has fallen in; the winding, picturesque tote and hauling roads are now filled with streaks of growing timothy or clover,—perhaps an occasionally struggling stalk of corn. There is a curious mingling of the fragments and impress of civilization with

the disheveled and dismantled virgin beauty of the forest—a sacrifice for gold. The peals of laughter, the sawyers' cheery call and the threatening of teamsters no longer echo there, and the glare of the sun through the clearing, the array of mournful stumps, only suggest ruin and destruction. The best has been taken, and the chopping recalls an old battlefield with here and there a large, worm-eaten log—too "shaky" to market, and left amid the strewn rubbish and chaos of a slashing to rot, until, as if in fiery demoniacal revenge it adds fuel to the ravages of the deadly sweep of the forest fires. Thousands of lives have been lost in these "revolts of Nature" against man's greed.

PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF A LUMBER CAMP.

The army of woodsmen are under discipline almost as rigorous as that of a military life. And while there are many hardships to be endured, there is a fascination in the free and open life that few other occupations of to-day possess. Plenty of food, warm and cozy quarters and work twelve hours a day; there are no strikes in logging camps. In all of the many camps, in which I have spent many days in Ashland lumber district, I never saw an unhappy or chronic discontented man in camp. The healthful activity is so congenial to good nature, and in the close touch with Nature itself, the busy, well-fed workers find little grievance to nurse upon in bringing on the discontent and the privations of the shop and factory. Where is the cheery, healthy, broad-shouldered, good-natured woodsman who was not ready for his work at dawn, never leaving till dark, to say nothing of cooks and cookees working eighteen and twenty hours a day to provide for vigorous and hearty appetites?

There is, first, the arrangement of tasks

from the swampers to the teamsters. The men, associating only with each other for months at a time, acquire a sort of military brusqueness, and the comradeship is truly soldierly. There is always tenderness with this roughness of the "Lumber Jacks," as the employees of a camp are called, that is most touching. When little Benny, the cookee, was taken suddenly ill, how many rough but willing hands were ready to tenderly wait on him, and sit up nights with the sufferer! And how vividly it recalled days of the war, when a cramped hand wrote the message of death to a grief-stricken mother, sister, or wife!

No one suffers from the cold in the pines. The raw wind from the prairies is shut off by the hundreds of miles of forests, and forty degrees below zero is not considered unpleasant weather. I have never seen a sawyer work with mittens or coat on. They laugh at the coldest winter weather and are fine types of stalwart manhood. Many of the "Lumber Jacks," like the cowboys of the plains, are from the East. Some of them are intelligent, educated men, and it is not uncommon to find among them college graduates, but, as a rule, the men do not talk much about themselves. They are big, over-grown boys together—a family with none of the bitter, distracting and distressing temptations of civilization. There are hundreds of cases of men being killed by falling trees, who were buried without anything at all being known about them, even to their names. They sleep in unmarked graves, many of them like the "unknown and missing" buried on the battlefield—heroes, unheard and unsung, whose brawn was the chief factor in winning the battles in the forests, gaining fortune for others to enjoy—truly the privates in the ranks of our great industrial army.





MARY MAGDALEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.
From the painting by E. Burne-Jones.

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE COURT: THE CROSS: THE CROWN.

The Last Supper—Gethsemane—The Arrest—The Trials—The Crucifixion
—The Resurrection.

FAREWELL had been taken of His mother and the friends in Bethany.

As the divine face of her Son, and not her Son, was lost to sight, the sword that had so often pierced her heart, again cut sharp and deep. Back to the quiet days at Nazareth, to the Temple scenes, to the stable in Bethlehem, to that angel visitor years ago, Mary went; and slowly, through the maze of years, through the denser maze of events, retraced the faultless record of this stainless life, and still pondered, and—worshipped now.

On a silent height in Olivet, with His face turned westward, stood Jesus. He was gazing, rapt, upon the sunset. The rim of the burning disk dropped slowly to the sea behind Carmel. The light

flamed and spread and quivered; gleamed red and rose and pearl; faded; and the day, His last day, died into twilight, dusk and dark. Three stars could soon be counted; and Thursday evening, the hour for the Pascal supper, had come. . . .



THE ASCENSION.

Through the gay and noisy streets of Jerusalem, Peter and John were walking rapidly, looking for a man whom the Master said they should find, carrying a pitcher. There he is. They followed. As he turned into the court of a large house, Peter touched him lightly from behind and said, "The Master desires to eat the Passover to-night in the hall of your house."

It was the house of Mark's father. That simple request was sufficient. Nay, not

*This serial began in the November number, 1896.

that even, was required. They had asked for the hall, or stable, and now they are led, wondering, up the outside stair to the Upper Room, where a table is set, with cups and wine, unleavened bread, bitter herbs and the dish of vinegar—prepared with all but the sacrificial lamb.

Judas had bought the lamb the day before, and at half past one, as the blast of the silver trumpet proclaimed the hour of sacrifice, Peter and John stood before the great altar with their lamb. Soon they came, bearing it, upon their shoulders, flayed and dressed, ready to be roasted for the supper.

The Pascal moon hung pale above the snowy Temple, as Jesus, with the ten disciples—Judas among them—wended His way down the mountain and passed into the city—the true sacrificial Lamb to be slain for the sins of the whole world.

He and His were all together. In a few hours He must leave them; but not until they have eaten together a sacrament, that shall be a memory and a bond of union to them forever.

It was dark without. The door was shut. They were alone. Around the long, narrow table were couches, ranged like a horseshoe, leaving one end free. As Jesus was taking His place, there was an angry word, a struggle; and Judas threw himself into the seat of honor, beside Jesus, above Him at His left. Peter caught the look upon his Master's face and in a burst of shame flung himself into the very lowest seat at the opposite end. John was opposite Peter, next to Jesus, at His right.

In painful silence the meal began. No one dared look upon that white face, drawn and shadowed. All knew the cause of the new pain come there. Thanks was offered, the cup passed; and Jesus as the head of the company, rose according to custom, to "wash hands." But what is this! The disciples looked in astonishment. He has put off His upper garments; girt Himself with a towel; poured water into a basin; and kneels,—their Lord!—like a slave, to wash Peter's feet!

But never so majestic, so much their Lord as now! Peter flushed scarlet; his

breath came in gasps; he shrank. "No, never, Lord!"

"You shall know why some time, Peter. Unless I wash your feet you have no part with Me." Utterly crushed, he yielded, begging in his overflowing grief and shame, to be washed wholly. None resisted after that. From one to another He went, bending low over the traitor-stained feet of Judas, tenderly, lovingly, sadly washing what even He could never make clean.

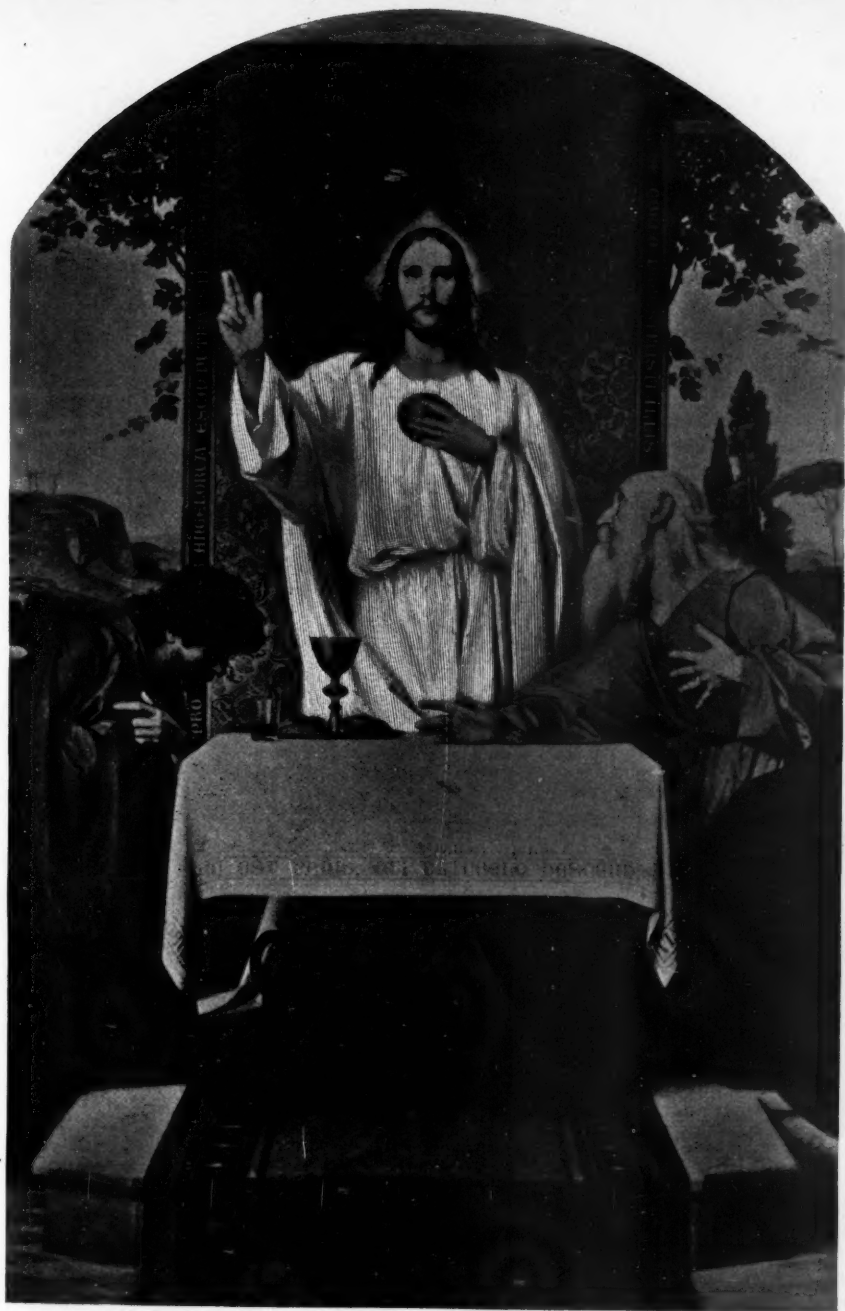
Now ye are clean, but not all—not Judas. How the smallness, the meanness of their jealousy and ambition scorched their hearts! The meal went on, while this lesson of humility and servitude He solemnly drove home; warning them of many things and speaking words of woe they could not understand. They seemed suddenly to stand before Him, in all their ignorance, weakness and sin. The base ingratitude, the bitterness, blackness, the hate and murder of Judas; the ignominy, shame, horror and needlessness of His death—all swept over Him; and he was stricken. Loneliness, sorrow, dread, despair, loosed from their black caves, rushed through His soul. He groaned aloud, "One of you shall betray Me!"

A chill, a nameless fear of self, crept like a numbing poison around the table, as each one faltered, "Lord, is it I?"

No answer. Was it given, this moment's silence, in hope that Judas might yet repent?

Peter beckoned to John, and leaning till his head rested upon the Saviour's breast, the beloved disciple whispered, "Who is it, Lord?" John alone heard the answer. But aloud he pronounced woe immeasurable, most awful upon the betrayer. Judas sat unmoved. His cynical, defiant smile intensified. He leaned and hoarsely, shamelessly whispered, "Rabbi, is it I?" "Thou hast said. Do it quickly."

The simple disciples thought him sent upon an errand, as Judas rose and shut himself out into the night—night that for him was to be eternal. They knew not why, but the air was cleared; they all breathed more freely as the door closed behind the traitor. The weight lifted from Jesus, and as the meal drew to a close, He



CHRIST AT EMMAUS.
From the painting by Carl Muller.

took the bread, blessed and gave it to the disciples, saying, "This is my body"; and the cup, having given thanks, He handed them, saying: "This is my blood of the New Testament, shed for many. Eat and drink. Do this, as oft as ye do it, in remembrance of me."

The Last Supper? No. The first of that unbroken succession which we have

things alive. The wild spell of the spring night fell upon the disciples. The unbroken silences, the unlighted shadows seized them. Awe and fear came. Courage fled.

The Master was as silent as the night; and bowed. They dared not speak. Yonder was Gethsemane, where many hours had been spent in prayer and vigil. There



CHRIST'S CHARGE TO PETER.

From the painting by Raphael.

kept in memory of His Death; which we will keep till He come again.

Surpassingly beautiful, fullest of Heaven's truth and consolation were the words with which He now addressed the disciples. His soul's very depths were uncovered. The great, loving heart, teaching, forgiving, blessing, drew them and lifted them all, for the last time together, to the Father in solemn, priestly prayer.

The Supper was finished. Chanting the hymn, they left the chamber and descended into the hollow streets.

GETHSEMANE.

Midnight slept in the valley as they crossed the swirling Kedron. The moon rode swift through the cloud-driven skies. Dark shadows crept beneath the trees, crouching and gliding along the path like

the shadows had gathered thick and black. Not a gnarled, fantastic bole of the ancient trees showed in the impenetrable gloom. Thither they turned. He said sorrowfully, warning them: "You will all desert Me this night. Peter will deny Me thrice." Peter's violent protests were smothered in the garden's heavy dark.

They had crossed the threshold of Gethsemane. It seemed haunted to-night. The disciples faltered. They dared not face the struggle they blindly felt approaching. They must not; it would but pain, confuse and terrify them. The infinite Father alone could understand and sympathize; could help and share. "Stay here while I go there and pray," He said.

But He could not go alone. His human heart clung in this dread hour even to these poor, human followers. He called

Peter, James and John to come with Him deeper into the silent garden. These had witnessed His glory on Hermon; might they not comfort and sustain Him here?

The eight threw themselves wearily upon the grass in the edge of the moonlight; Jesus and the three penetrated the dense, dark trees. As the darkness swallowed Him, He groaned: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death." The storm had come. He could no longer withstand it. The gathering fury of wilful ignorance, of basest ingratitude, of coarsest insult, of cruelest persecution, of deadliest hate burst full upon Him. So long He had hoped, and braved it; now He bent before it. Only shame, physical pain, mental torture, revulsion, anguish and sorrow of soul, mysterious, unutterable, immeasurable, remained now for Him, till together they wrought surcease of suffering, and death let His spirit free.

Alone! He must be alone with the awful

gloom came muffled sounds of agony deeper than death.

The three sank upon the earth, worn with days of activity and long nights of vigil; spent from excitement; confused and numbed with trouble and pain. "Father, Father, all things are possible with Thee, take this cup from Me," they heard Him pray. Then sleep came.

"This cup!" Not of shame, suffering and cruel, needless death in manhood's prime! More, more! He was draining the cup of sacrifice for sin; of sacrifice beyond human thought and imagination to compass; for sin, so foul, so virulent, so deadly, so powerful as to cause this infinite suffering; as to make necessary this divine sacrifice.

The garden is as dark, the sounds of agony as muffled to us as to the three. The mystery of sin and sacrifice, of our suffering Saviour, is too infinite and divine to be understood. He was sinless; and



FIRST EASTER DAWN.

From the painting by J. K. Thomson.

hour and the Father who had willed it. "Stay here and watch with Me," He pleaded, and was gone.

A ray of mellow light fell through the roof of leaves upon a prostrate form. A cloud blotted out the light, and from the

against Him sin raged to the last degree of its power. He conquered; but He suffered. "Father, let it pass from Me! But not as I wish. As Thou wilt." It was still—as ever—the struggle to obey, to submit. Was there not another way to

fulfil His mission, to save the world from sin, than this swift, terrible way of the Father's—by the cross? His short life flashed before Him as the clouds drove across the moon. The infinite hope, the mighty effort, was it not all a failure? Had He even redeemed three? He hurried back in a paroxysm of fear to find them. Alas! They slumbered! He stood above them. Was His work to be left in the keeping of such as these? "Father! Father!"

Peter woke! He sprang dazed and shamed to his feet. He saw great goutts of bloody sweat upon the Saviour's face.

The heart aches with the pathos of the tender, loving, forgiving rebuke. He left them again; and the struggle, intenser than before, continued. Not yet could He submit. If the disciples would wake! If they could show some realization of the task falling upon them, some fitness for it! He stole back to them again. They slept heavily. Sadly retreating now, He bowed and prayed once more, calmly, peacefully: "Father, not as I wish . . . as Thou wilt!" All was still in the garden. Suddenly the clouds parted; soft light poured over the grove, through the stirless branches and over His bended head—or was it an angel?

The storm is spent. With crimson stains upon His heavenly face He returned to the sleeping disciples—Victor, Saviour, Lord! The moment and man meet; He is Master.

THE ARREST.

Yonder in the distance, descending from the city, flashes a torch. Trampling feet are echoed from the valley. He woke the disciples: "Rise, let us be going; he that betrayeth me is at hand." Scarcely were the words uttered when a din of noises startled Gethsemane, and a mob of priests, soldiers and rabble, armed and bearing torches, swarmed into the garden, Judas leading.

Pushing by the eight disciples, the Man of Kerieth led the band on, till the flaring light revealed a figure, tall, unarmed, pale and calm. Three others were behind Him. Judas sprang forward, threw his arms about Him, calling, "Hail, Master!"—and kissed Him.

Jesus recoiled. "Betrayest thou Me with

a kiss?" He asked. The devil fell back, and slunk among the on-rushing mob. They had surrounded the spot, when, in all His majesty, Jesus stepped calmly forth into the glaring light. It completely unmanned them. "Whom seek ye?" He asked. "Jesus of Nazareth," was their weak, uncertain answer. "I am He." The words, the manner, the man, shook them. Awed, they fell back. The might of majesty like His smote them to the earth. "I am He," He reiterated. "If ye seek me, let these (disciples) go." .

The spell was broken. They seized Him, but not until Peter's sword had flashed and one fell maimed. Peter is Peter still. Instantly there was clash of arms; but Jesus' voice rose—and all was calm. "Put up your sword, Peter. Are not all the angels at My command?" Peter looked. Not another disciple in sight! They were binding his Master. He dropped the sword, and he, too, fled, while Jesus, deserted, was pushed by His captors toward the city.

THE TRIALS.

Only the tramp of Roman sentries was heard in the sleeping streets, as the band, with smothered torches, hurried silently toward the house of the high priest. Annas was ex-priest—Caiaphas, his son-in-law, held the office—but the old gray-bearded judge was the real power. And no colder, craftier, more unscrupulous, more execrated reprobate dwelt in Palestine. He had no *voice* in this trial. None. In his long robes, and long years, he stood and gazed coolly upon the young Prisoner. Hate never blazed in his breast; it smouldered and ate. His hard face, his glittering eyes, his very motions were like a snake's. With just a gesture, insufferable, diabolical, he turned his victim over to Caiaphas. That was the death sentence.

The swift, illegal, mock trial began. The brusque, hot-headed high priest plunged desperately into the wretched, irregular business. The court was guarded, but John had slipped in, and, as Jesus felt the presence of the beloved disciple, He turned, and something rarer than a smile lighted His wan face.

Caiaphas and his bench could make no



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

From the painting by Rubens, in the Antwerp Cathedral.

headway. Jesus was strangely, majestically silent. He spoke once, sending them to the open world for witnesses; for all He had done had been done openly. With that, some wretch, standing near, struck Him in the face. John saw it, and hung his head. The dawn was breaking. They had gotten nowhere in the base, horrible business. False witnesses were sought, but there was no semblance of truth in their black testimony. There He stood, still silent, calm, divine, while they raved, impotent and confounded. Thwarted! He their judge! They the condemned! Would He yet escape their clutches?

Maddened and fearful, Caiaphas strode from his seat close to Jesus and shrieked:

"Answerest Thou nothing? I adjure Thee by the living God! tell me whether *Thou art the Christ, the Son of God!*"

What a question by that man! in that place! for that reason! Jesus could not be silent to that adjuration. "I am," was the solemn, the thrilling answer. It was the seal, self-placed to doom; the calm, final, unmisinterpretable declaration of His Divinity.

"Blasphemy!" hissed the judge, rending his robe from collar to hem. "He is guilty of death!" cried the jury with one voice, and—leave it unsaid.

The dawn shuddered, cold and white, along the east; it seemed to come unwillingly. Peter warmed himself at a brazier in the court, miserable, tormented. He was jeered and jostled. Twice he had denied his Master. "I tell you I know not the Man!" he repeated, vehemently, for a third time, and backed it with an oath. Then far away, but clear in the dawn's hush, crowed a wakeful cock. Peter started. Jesus was being led by. At the familiar voice, hoarse and unnatural with fright and curses, He turned. Their eyes met. With a convulsion the poor disciple drew his cloak about his head, rushed in shame and remorse from the court—"and wept bitterly."

By him brushed another cloaked figure, rushing in. Judas burst into the hall, wild, despairing, frenzied. The priests spurned him. "I have sinned!" he screamed, "I have betrayed innocent blood," and the burning pieces of silver rang and rolled across the paved floor. . . . They were gathered and spent for a potter's field; for they were blood money. . . . Judas was found at the bottom of a gorge, mangled, dead. A rope and a broken limb were fast to his neck.

Rome kept for her own the power of life and death. Full day, wide and bright had come. It was about seven o'clock. The Sanhedrim led the condemned Christ like a guilty slave to the palace of Pilate for an order of execution. He met them reluctantly at the porch; for these pious priests would not pollute themselves by entering the Gentiles' hall.

It is a fierce, swift tragedy to the end. Though a brute and coward, Pilate was



WHEREON THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.
From the painting by P. R. Morris.

still a Roman, with a Roman's love of fair play; and he tried and failed, as much as a weak man could, to give Jesus the rights of the law. His interest was immediately awakened by this striking Man. To his question: "What against Him?" they could only answer with a flood of oaths and lies, accusing Him of teaching false doctrines, forbidding payment of tribute, and claiming to be King.

It was an ugly throng, bent 'on blood. Pilate loathed every Jew of them, and feared them as much. He took Jesus within, questioned Him, listened in something akin to awe at His words, and came out, declaring emphatically: "I find in Him no fault at all."

It was an acquittal, and maddened the mob the more. The storm of insult and invective broke forth afresh. What is this about Galilee he hears? Is the prisoner a Galilean? Then take Him to Herod Antipas. And mightily relieved to be rid of the dangerous case, Pilate sent them to the tetrarch.

Herod was spending Passover week in Jerusalem. The stories of this Nazarene had been coming to him for months. He was eager to see Jesus. Small satisfaction the sight gave him. Before this low wretch, ribald, cruel, stained with the blood of the Baptist, Jesus' lips were sealed. His base court made sorry sport with the bound and dumb Christ; and, dressing Him in mock purple, Herod sent Him back to Pilate. Another acquittal!

Eternal destinies were forced upon him; the hour of Pilate's life had come. He had mounted the tribunal. Before him stood the innocent Christ. He wished to save Him. About Him surged the angry crowd, desperate, ferocious, bestial, thirsting for blood. He feared them, and wavered. Then came a message from Claudia, his wife: "Beware! This Man is just!" He trembled. Ah! A happy thought! "It is your custom to release one condemned criminal this holy week. Shall I release your King?"

"Loose Bar-Abbas"—the murderer!—they cried.

"What shall I do with your King?"

"Crucify Him!" was the cry.

Three hours they had waited. The



THE CRUCIFIXION.

From the painting by Bouguereau.

clamor rose threateningly. Suddenly Pilate re-appeared on the porch. There fell a hush. Behind him stood a tall form, but bowed and bare. He was bound. A band of twisted thorns had been forced brutally around His brow, and thick drops of blood stained His deathly face. His back was purple; blood trickled from deep gashes made by the scourge. His flesh quivered with the fresh torture; but He was calm.



THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

From the painting by B. Placchhorst.

Pilate turned. The sight transfixed him. Divine, indeed, to move that heathen heart! He looked, and in thrilling tones exclaimed, "*Behold the Man!*"

But louder and fiercer rose the yell, "Crucify Him!" Pilate and his Victim disappeared again. He would save Him. Again they re-appeared and again was heard only the bloody cry, "Crucify Him!" "Shall I crucify your King?" "We have no King but Cæsar!" Lost! A silver thing glistened in the morning light before the throng. It was a basin; and, dipping his trembling fingers in the water, Pilate said, "I am innocent of this Man's blood!" and delivered Jesus over to be crucified, while Israel burst into a hideous yell: "His blood be on us and on our children!"

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Let us hurry. Nine o'clock. Thousands swelled the priestly mob to a vast multitude. It was Passover holiday, and as the Sanhedrists led the way to Golgotha, the whole city fell into line, curious, insulting, inhuman. Every eye was fixed upon a pallid, blood-stained face, a trembling, tottering, mangled form, bearing a heavy cross. The place of execution was close to the city, but before the awful hill was reached the weakened, tormented body sank beneath its dread load.

The sight broke the hearts of women in the throng. This Man! What had He not done for them! Beats there a woman's heart unmelted in this scene? They thought of the priceless blessings He—the first—had brought them, and they wept aloud. Their comforter still, He spoke, forgetful of Himself, trying to calm and bless them. Seizing a stranger coming into the city, the soldiers made him carry the cross, and the procession moved on.

He was stretched upon the awful beams. Some one pressed a cup to His lips. The nails had not been driven yet. Even that brutal time could not put a human being to this utmost of torture without one touch of compassion. There was an association of women in Jerusalem, who, at their own expense, provided a draught of powerful opiate for the condemned to ease their pain. Jesus tasted this, then closed His lips. He would meet death clear in mind;

He would conquer to the last, the uttermost.

The dull sound of a mallet was heard. That was all. No. Those standing close saw the white lips quiver with agony and heard Him pray: "Father, forgive them!" . . . Minutes dragged like hours by; hours like eternities. Days often, men had hung in this inconceivable anguish, imploring death. The crowd looked on and jeered. They cursed, taunted, mocked and vented their still unsated fury upon Him—too terrible, too ghastly, too hellish to be told!

Over His head, in three languages, that all might read, was Pilate's revenge upon the Jews—and Pilate's tribute to the Christ—"The King of the Jews." He would not alter a word. Thwarted in their very hour of triumph, the priests surged about the noble Sufferer; but He was mute.

Two thieves, one on either side, were dying with Him. One called for help. Jesus was heard to speak to him. It was high noon, but it was growing dark. There was an unearthly quiet in the air. The suffering Christ, the death filming His sunken eyes, looked out over the hill. Yonder was Jerusalem; far away was Galilee, and Nazareth, and His short, unselfish life. Darkness was blurring Jerusalem; and a pall was covering His soul. He looked again. They were hurrying toward the city. The soldiers had ceased gambling at his feet. Some one was drawing near. His Mother and the beloved disciple! "Woman," He called with dying tenderness, "behold thy Son!" And to John, "Behold thy mother!" She covered her face. John mercifully led her away.

The darkness deepened. The hill was almost deserted. The priests, the people, crept shuddering back to the city. The awful, unnatural night darkened. Alone He hung; deserted by friends; by God. The mystery of it is not for us. It was the Father's will. It was done for us. It is the only way to be "made perfect."

A wild, despairing cry broke from His lips as the shadow encompassed His soul. He had touched the bottom of infinite suffering. One groan of physical anguish! Some bystander, in pity, put a sponge to His lips. Six hours He had been dying. Now the end came. The midnight lifted

from His soul, but settled the thicker over the land. A halo shone from Him against the dark. "Father," He said, "into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit," and lifting His head with the last convulsive throes of death, he cried loudly, victoriously, "*It is finished!*" and died.

A shudder filled the earth. Men fell upon their faces, beating their breasts. The stones cried out. Graves yawned. The dead came back and were seen. In

had come to Him. So soon? His mallet dropped; he grasped his long spear and drove it deep into the left side of the lifeless body. Water and blood! . . . Jesus had died of a broken heart.

THE RESURRECTION.

The awful darkness had lifted; but now the sun rolled heavily on the edge of the west. The Sabbath was near. Joseph of Arimathæa, one of the Sanhedrim, but



THE THREE MARYS.

From the painting by C. Peschel.

the Temple the priests had gathered, huddled in confusion and abject terror. Look! Their eyeballs started; an invisible hand caught the great veil before the Holy of Holies and rent it from top to bottom.

At the foot of the cross a Roman soldier raised His head and murmured, "Surely, this Man was the Son of God."

With sunset came the Sabbath. It must not be polluted by these hanging corpses. A soldier came with mallet to break the victim's legs and hasten death; but death

blameless, begged the body of the Lord, and hastily wrapping it in linen and spices (brought by Nicodemus), laid it in a new tomb, hollowed from the rock in his garden close by. Mary Magdalene and another Mary watched sadly from a distance. The stone was rolled to the mouth of the grave. Long shadows sped eastward . . . and it was the Paschal Sabbath.

Rayless, hopeless Sabbath to the followers of Jesus! He was dead and His cause was buried with Him in the tomb. He was betrayed by one, denied by another, for-

saken by all the twelve. John, indeed, had lingered near the cross, hoping to the last that He would assert His power and come down. Vain! He was dead. Their hope and faith were dead. He should rise, He had said, but it meant nothing to them. There was no faintest dream of a real resurrection in their clouded, heavy hearts that day. Even the loving women were sadly preparing more spices for the embalming to-morrow, when he should be laid forever from their sight. A glorious dream, unreal! A divine hope, unfounded! An infinite mistake, disappointment, delusion!

To humor the fears and superstitions of the Jews, Pilate set a guard of soldiers over the tomb and sealed the stone.

It was near the dawn of Sunday, the first day of the week. The two soldiers watched sleepily before the silent tomb. The birds were waking. The breath of the unfolding flowers filled the garden air. A silver arrow flew heavenward, cleaving the purple east; a wave of opal quivered low along the hills and dashed upward in shimmering spray; a tongue of gold, a sheet of flame burst high, swept far and wide against the hollow blue, and the world's first Easter day had dawned.

What was that! The guards turned towards the tomb. They stared. The clay seal had broken! The stone was rolling back! A light from the tomb! They fell, overcome with terror.

Through the dew and early dawn Mary Magdalene came with spices to the garden. The stone! it had rolled away! She turned, and in dismay and dread fled to the abode of Peter and John. Meantime other devoted women came and were met by two shining forms that spoke to them. Awed and amazed, they hastened with the message to the disciples. It seemed incredible. At Mary's word, Peter and John hurried out. John outran Peter and stood looking

into the empty tomb; but Peter, heedless of all but love and alarm, pushed by him and rushed within. Empty! There lay the linen clothes neatly folded. And as they looked, slowly, dimly, surely the truth began to dawn. Not stolen! *Risen!* Then, for the first time and forever, *they believed.*

But no one had seen Him. Mary returned to the tomb. She could not be consoled. "They have taken away my Lord," she wailed. A shadow fell over her. The gardener, she thought. "Oh, sir, if you have taken Him away, tell me where, and I will take Him!" "Mary!" said a tender, thrilling, familiar voice. Like a flash she turned, and with one startled, ecstatic cry, fell at His feet, sobbing, "Oh, my Master!" A few tender, comforting, heavenly words He said; and she hastened away, a new hope, a rare light in her soul, declaring, "I have seen the Lord."

He had risen indeed. To Mary, to the other women, to Peter, to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, in the Upper Room, at the Sea of Galilee, and at one place to more than five hundred believers, gathered by the disciples for worship, He appeared. Forty days in His glorified body He walked and talked with them, till even Thomas, slowest, most doubting of all, touched Him with his hand and cried, "My Lord and My God!"

The forty days sped away. Strange, holy days! Once more The Twelve are in Jerusalem. He is with them. They are going forth toward Bethany. They ask when the Kingdom shall be restored to Israel. They may not ask. They are to work, to bear witness of Him in all the world. He lifts His hands in blessing—ever in blessing—and is parted from them; rising, wrapped in luminous clouds—He is gone.

And they returned to Jerusalem in deep joy.





LEFT TO THE OCEAN'S MERCY. A WRECK OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

SOME NOTABLE AMERICAN WRECKS

BY JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE



HOW often assertion has been made that seventy-five per cent of all shipwrecks are owing to blunders in navigation, especially on approaching the land,—not to stress of weather. Some striking exceptions to this rule are worthy of mention. In 1868, an immense tidal wave in the harbor of Arica, Peru, picked up the U. S. sloop of war *Wateree* and carried her several miles inland, where she ended her career ignominiously as a hotel. Just a year prior to this event a tidal wave performed the curious feat of lifting the U. S. ship *Monongahela* and carrying her over the roofs of numerous buildings at the West India town of Santa Cruz, and deposited her in the street. After this adventure the vessel was blocked up, launched, and actually went into service again. On the other hand, marine disasters have been caused by an element more fierce and destructive even than the waves, an element against which the waters themselves do battle in vain,—fire. In 1848,

the *Ocean Monarch*, a fine American packet ship, employed between Boston and Liverpool, was discovered to be burning when only a few hours out of dock on her homeward journey. The tug boat and pilot had left, all her sails were set, and she was gathering headway under the auspicious conditions of clear weather and a brisk breeze, when smoke was seen coming from a ventilator, and scarcely had the order been given to look to it when flames, which had no doubt smoldered ever since she quitted the dock, burst out and enveloped the rigging. Her commander, Captain James Murdock, recognizing how powerless he was to extinguish the fire, instantly headed his ship for the Welsh coast, but suddenly from an unknown cause an anchor was dropped and the chain ran out, killing a number of passengers. As the vessel came head to wind those persons who were aft were driven rapidly further on, and many went overboard, but succeeded in scrambling upon a spar which was thrown over to them. Fortunately a number of yachts sailing in the vicinity witnessed their distress and came to the rescue. The American ship, *New World*, anchored and sent her boats, as did also a

Brazilian steam frigate which was out on a trial trip with the Prince de Joinville on board. The situation was an extremely perilous one, and medals in recognition of exceptionally courageous conduct were awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society to a number of those who risked their lives in the attempt to save the living freight of the Ocean Monarch; but in spite of noble efforts, 200 persons were drowned on this occasion.

WHAT LIGHTNING HAS DONE.

"Is there danger to a ship in a thunder storm at sea?" is a question often asked, which has been answered as often by the declaration that the great mass of water is so attractive to the electric fluid that the protruding masts are deprived of their dangerous attitude as conducting rods. The popular delusion that no ship is ever struck by lightning has been dispelled more than once. A terrible illustration of this fact was furnished by the experience of the Poland. This vessel sailed from New York, bound for Havre, on May 11, 1840. When five days out she encountered a severe

thunder storm, and at three o'clock in the afternoon she was struck by lightning, the spark from the angry cloud darting down her foremast, setting fire to her cotton cargo. Several hours elapsed before the evil work was discovered, when attempts were made to smother the fire by closing up every aperture to the air. The cabin soon filled with a suffocating gas and every one was forced to deck. Captain Anthony, fully realizing the responsibility of the 63 lives which were under his care, preserved such perfect self-possession under the trying ordeal that he controlled and inspired the hearts of his crew. Every order was calmly and punctually obeyed. The long boat was hoisted out, stored with provisions, and all the passengers were transferred to it, the women and children going first. All night the gallant sailors walked the deck, cool and courageous, although aware that in the last extremity there would not be room enough for all of them in the vessel's remaining small boats. Throughout those hours of darkness the captain was vigilantly inspecting every crevice and stopping it up. Morning came



A CRY FOR HELP.

From the painting by F. Morion.

and was succeeded by evening again, but still no friendly ship came in sight. Worn out by patient watching, the men lay down upon the heated deck to sleep. On awaking from his short, precarious rest, Captain Anthony said with strange confidence to a friend beside whom he had lain, that he had been visited by a happy dream and felt that they would yet be saved. The ship was smoking from every pore, and to add to their discomfiture the weather had become boisterous. In alarm the passengers in the long boat begged to be taken back on board the burning ship, and the captain reluctantly was forced to recognize that this was the wisest thing to be done. They were soaking wet, cramped from the cold, and the women exhausted from holding their children in their arms. It was evident that the confined conflagration had increased. Pitch was coming from the vessel's seams, and flames were momentarily expected to follow. The pumps brought warm water. She was also leaking. At two o'clock on the second day of anxiety a sail was seen, which proved to be the *Clifton*, a Boston vessel, on her way from Liverpool to New York, whose commander, Captain Ingersoll, responded to the sufferers' appeal with a hearty, "Come all on board and bring what provisions you can." The *Clifton's* boats were quickly alongside and the dangerous operation of transferring the passengers across a rough sea with an ever-increasing wind was continued during six hours. When the last boat load left the *Poland* her deck was too hot to stand upon.

WRECKS CAUSED BY WHALES.

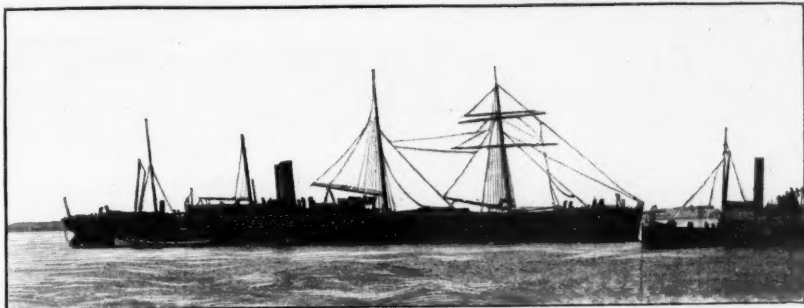
The giant fish of the ocean has contributed his share to the other sources of marine calamity. In 1820 the U. S. whale ship, *Essex*, when nearly full of sperm oil, was struck on her bow and stove in by a whale which had become infuriated by the loss of its young one. The boats which were in pursuit of whales when the accident occurred, seeing the ship turn over, hastened to her, cut a hole in her side, and supplied themselves with what scant provisions their boats would hold. For three long months they cruised about in these

open craft, on the wide Pacific, exposed to a burning sun, and dependent upon rain to quench their torturing thirst. A colored man died in one of the boats, and his flesh was devoured by his starving comrades in misfortune, who, becoming delirious, jumped overboard and ended their misery. More awful still, in the other boat, lots were drawn to sacrifice one man as food for the rest. He was shot, but the cannibal companions had not finished eating his body when they were rescued by the brig *Indian*. Another whaling vessel, while cruising near the coast of Peru, 1851, encountered a savage monster, for the whale, enraged by the attack made upon him, struck back and knocked two boats into splinters. No one was killed or wounded in the fearful struggle. The men were picked up by a third boat and made their escape to the ship. The aquatic antagonist now perceiving a larger foe approach, settled down in the water and, coming up underneath, struck the ship a terrible blow on her keel, making a big hole. The crew hastily took to their boats once more and were saved by a passing vessel.

An important wreck of the year 1854 was the loss of the *San Francisco*, a new side-wheel vessel, weighing 3,000 tons, which sailed from New York, in January, with 740 souls on board, including 300 soldiers with their officers, Captain Watkins, one of the most experienced seamen of the day, being in command. Shortly after leaving the port she was struck by a cyclone and dismasted, while a tremendous sea swept off her boats and deck houses and carried away 140 passengers as its victims. In addition to her troubles, the vessel sprang a leak, which put out her fires. The surviving passengers went manfully to work at her pumps and assisted in throwing over coal and heavy cargo, while, night and day, the gallant captain seemed to be everywhere at one and the same moment, directing and encouraging the men and organizing them into gangs to work more efficiently. As the great hulk lay unmanageable and tossing at the will of the wind, she was passed by a small vessel, which, unable to render other assistance, steamed into port and reported her condition. Vessels were immediately dispatched

in search of her, and although the sea still ran high, they succeeded in landing the re-

from a hole in her bow. Believing himself to be not more than fifty miles from



THE WRECK OF THE VENETIAN.

This occurred in Boston Harbor almost within a rifle shot of her dock. She broke literally in two, the crack showing in above cut.

maining 600 persons on board the San Francisco safely in New York.

SUMMER TOURISTS COMING HOME.

The year 1854 was signalized by a yet greater tragedy—the collision between the American steamer *Arctic* and the British iron vessel *Vesta*, in a dense fog off the Grand Banks, by which 562 unfortunate persons met their death. When the British vessel, with all sails set and the wind on her star-board quarter, struck the *Arctic*, both vessels cleared each other at once and the *Vesta* disappeared, but not before revealing that her whole bow was torn off to her

foremast and that she had a rank heel. Supposing that his inadvertent antagonist was sinking, Captain Luce humanely sent his boats to her as-

sistance under the direction of his first mate, never once suspecting that the *Arctic* had been seriously injured. Twenty minutes elapsed before he discovered that his own ship was leaking freely

shore, every means was resorted to to heel the ship to port, but this operation only increased the leak. Strange to relate, the propeller *Vesta* actually survived the shock, and, in the confusion, one of her boats was seen coming to the help of the *Arctic*. Its occupants, however, became perplexed and came too close to her paddle wheels, where all save one perished. The cargo was removed, even the anchors were cut away, and the cables let go to lighten the bow. A sail was placed over the hole, but the sharp bow and the headway of the ship augmented the inward rush of the water to an irresistible degree. Meanwhile

the firemen had gained access to the spirit room and were becoming crazed with liquor, and oblivious to the fact that the water was rising and about to extinguish



AT THE END OF HER CRUISE.

the lower fires. By the time that the spirits were gotten away from them it was too late to avert the fatal results,—due in a large measure to lack of discipline and organization. By a curious prejudice, in



TO THE RESCUE.

From the painting by E. Renouf

the early days of the U. S. Navy, her engineers were looked down upon as inferiors and termed "greasers" by her officers,—a condition of affairs prolific of disorder in times of danger. In this age, when science is held in reverence, the chief engineer of a vessel ranks with her captain, his assistants with subordinate officers, and mutual confidence exists between the engineering corps and the command. Unfortunately, in the distress of the Arctic, Captain Luce bore the whole burden of responsibility. Alone, deserted by his crew, he stood surrounded by helpless passengers, who trusted to his superhuman efforts for their salvation. One port boat had been lowered under his superintendence, when the intoxicated firemen made a rush for it, claiming that they had as good rights as the women. When only twenty had taken possession of it, some wretch cut the painter and shoved her off, thus casting away a boat capable of holding

eighty persons. Another boat was lowered safely under the charge of the second mate, who struggled to obey orders and keep it strictly reserved for the women and children, but a similar mad rush was made for it by the insane crew. A third boat shared the same fate; before she was filled to one-quarter of her capacity, she was cut adrift, carrying away every remaining seaman. Captain Luce and his third mate were left alone with the passengers in this extremity. As the quartermaster, who had charge of the powder, was not to be found, the magazine was broken open, and guns of distress were fired. The only remaining boat was used to help construct a raft, which was supplied with provisions, and fifteen persons descended upon it and pulled off a quarter of a mile, where they remained until the ship went down. When she sank Captain Luce was standing valiantly on one of her paddle boxes, with his young son in his arms, resigned to meet his doom.

They went down some distance with the wreck, but some portions of the box becoming detached, rose and buoyed them up. On coming to the surface the boy was struck by a broken fragment of wreckage and killed; but the captain, after floating about for several hours, was picked up by a fishing boat and carried to Montreal. For some time it was believed that he had perished, but when the news was flashed over the wires there was a great rejoicing in our country, and crowds greeted his return with these affectionate words: "We welcome you, and the whole people hold you in their hearts as God has held you in his hands."

LOSS OF TWO MILLION DOLLARS AND FIVE
HUNDRED LIVES.

Another catastrophe of enormous proportions, involving the death of 426 persons, was the wreck of the Central America, which sailed from Havana, September 8, 1857, under the command of Captain William Lewis Herndon, U. S. Navy, with a crew of 105 men, 474 passengers and two millions in gold on board. During a violent gale on the 11th day of that month she sprang a leak, and, though for thirty

hours after the accident, everything that perfect discipline could effect was done to free her of water, she was half full by the time the brig, Marine, happened upon the scene. On being requested to lie by, the brig hove to under her lee, and the boats of the Central America, under the guidance of a few seamen, began to carry the women and children to this place of refuge. It was a slow and hazardous work, as one of the craft had been damaged in the darkness and the others required constant bailing. Sad to relate, the brig drifted considerably, increasing the distance to be traversed between herself and the sinking steamer. Suddenly the wreck gave a plunge, and 500 persons were swallowed up by the merciless sea. The devoted Captain Herndon preserved order on board till the last; then, taking his stand upon the paddle box, went down with his charge. Next morning a few survivors were picked up by the Norwegian bark Ellen, but the noble officer could not be found. A fine monument has been erected to his memory at Annapolis, by an admiring nation.

THE RESULT OF A BLUNDER.

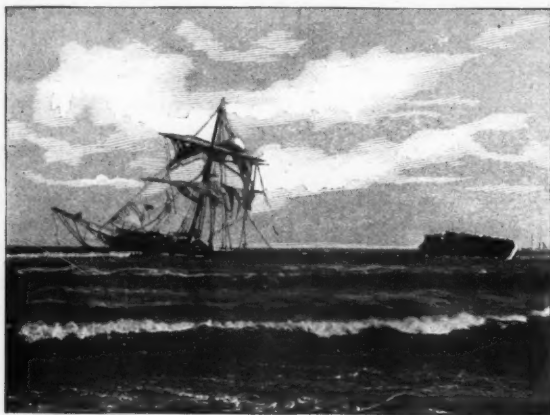
One of the saddest events in the history



WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.
From the painting by T. M. Henry.

of shipwrecks was the blunder connected with the loss of the *Circassian* off Bridgehampton, Long Island, in December, 1876. This steamer was twenty years old; she had originally belonged to England, but had been captured as a blockade runner during the War of the Rebellion. She had been stranded twice before in her career and had been successfully gotten off each time. Finally she was purchased by a Liverpool house and converted into a sailing vessel and started on her first voyage to New York, under the command of Captain Williams, with a crew of 37 men. En route she picked up twelve persons from a wreck, and had almost made her harbor when, owing to an error of the compass, she ran upon a sand bar 400 yards from shore, at eleven o'clock at night. She was instantly discovered by the beach patrol, and, in spite of the disadvantages of darkness, a heavy sea, and a dense snow storm, every soul on board was

ing heavy anchors, and aided by the tides, had gradually pulled her about 98 yards towards the ocean. The agents of the wrecking company were constantly solicited to take the precaution of keeping a line stretched from the ship to the shore in case of emergency, but they persistently refused, their motive being that an easterly storm was coming on, on which they relied to finally set the vessel afloat, and they feared that the crew might become alarmed and use the line to desert at the time when their services would be most needed. Absolute dependence was placed upon the strength of the ship. On December 26 the expected storm arrived, each day increasing in violence, till the great hull rolled and pounded heavily upon the bar. On the evening of the 29th she made signals of distress, and a forlorn attempt at rescue was made by the life-saving stations. The beach, ordinarily a broad expanse of sand, presented the almost unprecedented

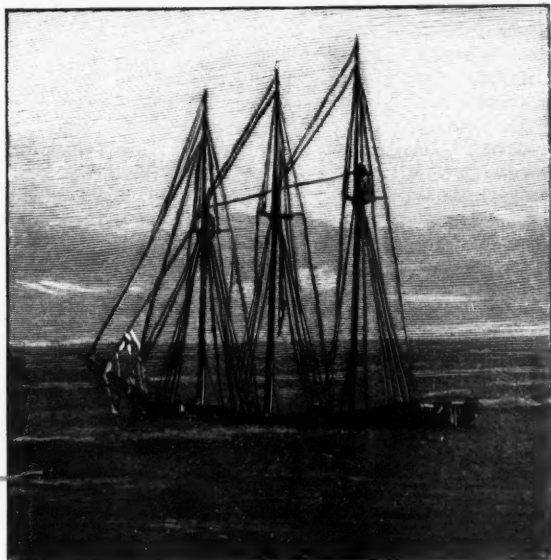


THE WRECK OF A BRITISH MERCHANTMAN OFF CAPE COD.

rescued by the life savers. The Coast Wrecking Company of New York, being next engaged to save the vessel and cargo, went aboard as soon as the weather permitted and commenced operations. Twelve of the party were Indians belonging to the now extinct Shinnecock tribe, who had become whalers and wreckers. There were also sixteen of the ship's company on board. For a fortnight they labored, sink-

ing heavy anchors, and aided by the tides, had gradually pulled her about 98 yards towards the ocean. The agents of the wrecking company were constantly solicited to take the precaution of keeping a line stretched from the ship to the shore in case of emergency, but they persistently refused, their motive being that an easterly storm was coming on, on which they relied to finally set the vessel afloat, and they feared that the crew might become alarmed and use the line to desert at the time when their services would be most needed. Absolute dependence was placed upon the strength of the ship. On December 26 the expected storm arrived, each day increasing in violence, till the great hull rolled and pounded heavily upon the bar. On the evening of the 29th she made signals of distress, and a forlorn attempt at rescue was made by the life-saving stations. The beach, ordinarily a broad expanse of sand, presented the almost unprecedented spectacle of a seething flood, which broke momentarily with a prodigious uproar and confusion up to the foot of the distant hills. It was almost impossible to find a spot to plant the mortar, but the effort was resolutely and persistently made by the surfmen to shoot another life line to the doomed vessel, in the teeth of a howling hurricane. A red Coston light was burned to cheer the seamen, who had already deserted the surge-swept deck and were clinging to the rigging. First the foremast fell, a sinister

blow to hope, as it indicated the beginning of the breaking up of the ship. At half past three in the afternoon the vast black hull could be discerned broken in two, her fore part settling down outside, her stern inside the bar. The glass showed her mizzen mast still erect with its rigging full of men. At four this great iron support began to careen to port with its living load, and for a half hour it



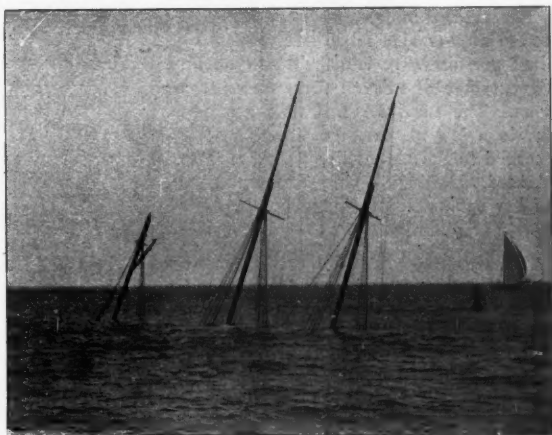
IN HER LAST PORT.

continued dipping gradually toward the sea,—an eternity of suffering to the wretched men thus suspended above their destined grave,—then it disappeared in the monstrous water. But for the ruthless cutting of the line which maintained communication with the life saving station, not one of the twenty-eight lives sacrificed need have been lost.

It was about the year 1874 that the Life Saving Service, under the wise guidance of its chief, Hon. Sumner I. Kimball, began to rise into prominence as a vigilant guardian of our coast. For the first time a record of all marine disasters was kept annually, and from these statistics a considerable decrease in the number of human victims upon each occasion was very marked. Under the championship of Hon. S. S. Cox, in Congress,

larger appropriations were made for the purpose of saving life and property; but the season during which the stations were manned with surfmen each year was limited by law to the period between December 1 and May 1, although Mr. Kimball had long and earnestly pleaded that an earlier date be fixed for the opening of the "active season," in consideration of the equinoctial storms. The wisdom of his advice was emphasized in a terrible manner, when in November of 1877 and December, 1878, the two steamers, the *Huron* and the *Metropolis* respectively, were wrecked off the coast of North Caro-

lina, and a large number of lives were unnecessarily lost. In the first instance, the life-saving service station had not yet opened for the winter, and the fundamental cause of the cruel loss of life in the second instance was the undue distance



VANDERBILT'S STEAM YACHT, THE ALVA.

The *Alva* was sunk off Pollock Rip in collision with the *H. F. Dimock*. She was the finest and costliest pleasure craft afloat, costing half a million dollars.

which separated the life saving stations along the coast of North Carolina. The beach patrol had passed the spot two hours before the accident occurred, and the ship went to pieces so rapidly that by the time the life savers were notified and had struggled over eight long miles, dragging the heavy mortar cart with them to the rescue, it was too late. The result of this awful lesson was that the energetic superintendent of the Life Saving Service received the necessary funds and the approval of Congress to put his theories into practice. A better organization of the work succeeded, which has reduced fatality in shipwrecks to its minimum. Since the loss of the *Metropolis* there has been no such wanton sacrifice of life within the operations of the Life Saving Service, but a casualty occurred outside of its limits, viz.: the running aground of the City of Columbus on Devil's Bridge, a rocky shoal off the west end of Martha's Vineyard Island, in 1884.

THE CITY OF COLUMBUS CALAMITY

was pronounced "a blunder worse than a crime." When the vessel struck, Captain Wright sprang into the pilot house and in his excitement ordered the engines to be reversed in order to back off,—a fatal mistake, for a hole was stove in her bottom through which the water rushed in, and as she backed she rolled on her side and more than a hundred persons were launched into eternity. Seventy-five of this number were passengers. The survivors fled to the rigging, for in a few minutes the vessel was submerged to the top of her pilot house and righted. Dead and dying were washed out of her cabins and tossed about in savage play by the breakers. Those who could swim managed to reach the rigging, but, stiff from the cold and exhausted by the struggle, soon relaxed their hold. Four men reached the shore in a leaking boat, a few others were saved by life preservers and spars, but in less than a half hour the majority of those on board, including women and children, had perished.

THE SINKING OF AN AMERICAN LINER.

The most notable wreck of recent date was that of the *Oregon*, which collided in

the darkness of early morning with an unknown schooner, March 14, 1886. By a remarkable coincidence Jules Verne, in his extraordinary story, "Forty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," published several years before, describes a collision, the particulars of which were almost identical with those of the *Oregon*. The *Oregon* was constructed of iron and furnished a splendid specimen of marine architecture. She was built at Glasgow in 1883 and was valued at \$1,250,000. The blow which caused her destruction was dealt in her most vulnerable part on her port side just abaft the bridge, and two holes were stove, one eighteen feet square on and above the water line, the other four by six feet in size, below the water line. The first intimation of an approaching vessel was a bright light on her port side, which appeared to be held up and then darkened, and which was mistaken for a pilot's light. No masts or sails were visible till on the point of striking, and no cries were heard from the mysterious schooner. She vanished like a phantom, never to be seen again. For three weeks conjecture could not name this vessel, but at last she was identified as a Bath schooner which was missing. For eight hours after the shock the *Oregon* floated, and her pumps were worked to their utmost capacity, but could do no good. At mid-day she settled down to the level of the water, gave a plunge head foremost and went to the bottom. The wreck now lies in 22 fathoms of water off Watch Hill, Rhode Island. No lives were lost, owing to the prompt arrival of assistance.

A HARBOR WRECK.

A wreck of very recent date, which deserves mention from the fact that it stands in many respects as an isolated case, was that of the *Venetian*, which occurred in March of 1895, in Boston Harbor, almost within a rifle shot of the dock, which it had just cleared for London. She was feeling her way down the main ship channel in a blinding snow storm, and when off Castle Island a fishing schooner crossed her bow. In trying to escape a collision her head was swung close to the port spar buoy, a mark which at the time was claimed to be a hundred feet out of its

position. Before she could be pointed for mid-channel again she struck a sunken ledge, sliding onto it until she lay on the rock almost amidships. Here she rested as easily and as naturally as if nothing was the matter. In fact, for weeks after, the harbor men in passing her would say as a joke, "There's the Venetian waiting for a pilot to take her out." But she never went, for the day after she struck, she cracked literally in two, because of the great weight of the cargo, which consisted, by the way, of 643 head of cattle and 838 head of sheep. These were all taken from the vessel by lighters. It was thus that a magnificent ocean liner had to lay her bones right in the harbor of her sailing and be gradually broken up for old junk.

THE LOSS OF THE FINEST STEAM YACHT IN
THE WORLD.

Another and the last wreck of interesting note was that of William K. Vanderbilt's half-million dollar steam yacht, the *Alva*, which occurred in July, 1892, off Pollock Rip, at the entrance to Martha's Vineyard Sound. The owner and a party of friends were on their way from Bar Harbor to

Newport, when on Sunday morning of the 24th, a dense fog set in and the captain considered it best to anchor where he was, near Pollock Rip lightship, in the track of a large number of coasting vessels. At about eight in the morning, when Mr. Vanderbilt and his guests were asleep, a heavy crash came. Mr. Vanderbilt was the first on deck. A scene of the wildest confusion met his eyes. Looming up through the darkness could be seen a large steamer backing, through the effect of a recoil. It was the *H. F. Dimock*, of the Metropolitan S. S. Line, carrying freight between Boston and New York. Mr. Vanderbilt, his friends and a crew of 52 men, were transferred at once to the *Dimock*. A few seconds later the *Alva* plunged down bow first, leaving on the surface of the ocean only three masts to indicate the presence of what fifteen minutes ago had been a magnificent floating palace, and the finest and costliest private pleasure craft in the world. Nothing was saved. The *Dimock* at the time was going at a greatly reduced rate of speed; otherwise she would probably have run the *Alva* clean down, with a great loss of life.



LOST IN THE ICE.



"TAKING THE OATH ON COLORS." THE INITIATION OF NEW REGIMENTS INTO THE EMPEROR'S GUARD AT BERLIN.

THE TAKING OF THE OATH IN THE GERMAN ARMY

BY CONRAD RICHTER, M. D.

TO a traveller from America, reaching Germany after a short sojourn in England, the relative importance placed upon military affairs in these three countries is most obvious.

Your American soldier strikes one as a gentleman of the craft, natty in appearance and free and easy in his behavior. His whole drill seems to have been directed rather towards making out of him a "man fit for any service," than a parade soldier. There is no stiffness about him. He impresses you—which in fact he is—as soldier by choice, not by necessity. His very paucity in numbers lends interest to his every appearance. Characterize him as his country's police force, and you have given a correct definition of his supposed functions in a larger sense.

"Tommy Atkins," in England, is likewise supposed to be soldier by choice, it is true. Hard times and a venturesome spirit are

more apt, however, to induce him to don the scarlet coat and put the characteristic cap, of twice the size of an American dollar, on his head. He makes a good soldier, though, is well drilled, well clad, but poorly paid. He has the right to expect civil government employment, after serving a certain number of years with the colors. The field of his real activity (with the exception of some of the "Guards") lies in England's colonies, and there is where he shows his valor.

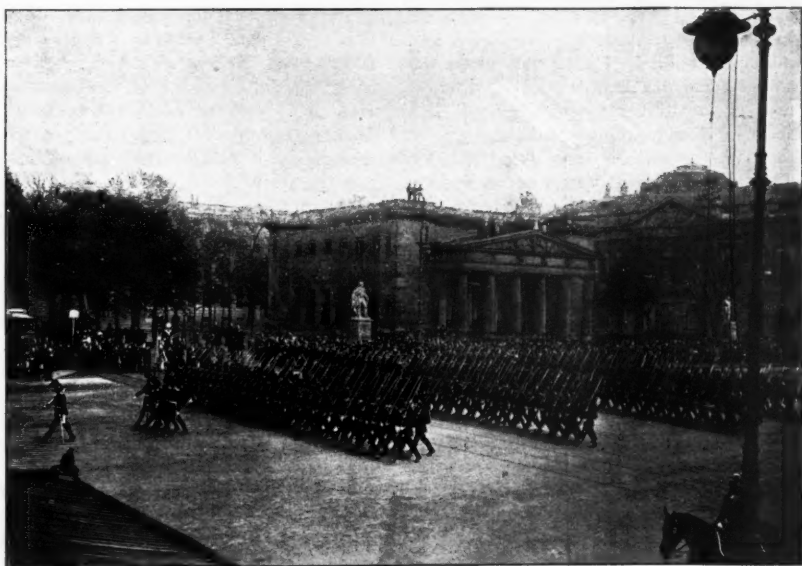
How different is all this in the Kaiser's domain! A man, nay, every man—for they all have to serve—sinks his identity for a while and becomes a number, a little wheel in a large machine. His country is supposed to be surrounded by enemies. Peace is only enjoyed so long as diplomatic art can preserve it. To-morrow this may fail, and war be declared. So the country is armed to the teeth, ready—constantly ready



CONSECRATION OF COLORS GIVEN THE NEWLY CREATED REGIMENTS.

—to defend, to attack. The neighboring people, laboring under the same notions, are in an equally delightful condition, and

as a result we have some of the largest standing armies in the world. Europe, and Germany in particular, does not consider



THE TROOPS RETURNING THE FLAGS TO THE CASTLE.

this as much of a hardship—as we across the Atlantic are apt to believe. The smallest shaver on the streets will play at soldiering, and manœuvre, like a veteran general, his troops of playmates. Boys from the age of twelve to that of young men are formed in military companies and drilled by retired officers or those belonging to the reserves.

Germany's fighting forces are divided into some twenty odd army corps, of which that of the "Guard" forms the élite one. Men of the best physical appearance are always selected for it. While the taking of the oath is an impressive ceremony anywhere, it is always an event of the highest moment with the Guard Corps. The commander in chief, the Emperor, invariably attends this performance.

This ceremony takes place in front of the "Castle" at Berlin. On the occasion of the last troupes taking the oath on their colors, fully 25,000 persons were present to view this military spectacle. The magnificent square itself, flanked on one side by the new cathedral now in process of construction, and on the other by the river, was occupied by about twelve thousand soldiers. The scene was not one to make men's blood run slow. A field-altar had been erected amongst evergreens and military trophies. Facing this altar, the troops formed a hollow square. Clergymen of the different denominations held short services, pointing out the meaning of the oath the soldiers were about to take. Then each regiment would be sworn, the regimental adjutant reading the oath, the soldiers joining with raised right hands. Regiment after regiment followed; the Emperor on horseback in the hollow square would ride to the front of each regiment and watch his soldiers with keen interest. No feature of the solemn function seemed to escape his eye. William II., like his grandfather, the "Great Emperor," is every inch a soldier, and impresses you as such. With a sonorous voice, slightly trembling at the beginning of his words, with the very earnestness and importance of the moment, he then addressed the soldiers as follows:

"From to-day on I greet you as soldiers of my army, as grenadiers of my Guard.

In taking the oath on your colors, you have sworn allegiance before the altar of God, upon His crucifix under the sky, as brave Christians should. He who is not a brave Christian is neither a brave man nor a brave Prussian soldier, and cannot under any circumstances fulfil what is expected of a soldier in the Prussian army.

"Your duty is not an easy one; it requires self-restraint and self-negation—the two cardinal virtues of a Christian—furthermore, absolute obedience and subordination to the will of your superiors. The history of your army furnishes you with proper examples for this. Thousands before you have sworn and kept allegiance. By their keeping it the fatherland became great and our army victorious and irresistible. Their allegiance allowed these colors to appear before you to-day, wreathed in glory and covered with badges of honor, and wherever shown, they are greeted by bared heads and our regiments present arms.

"To many of you temptation will come during your service. If it approaches your morals, or tries you in your condition as soldier, put it away from you, in consideration of your sworn allegiance and the past of your regiment; put it aside, in consideration of the coat you wear, which is your King's coat. He who dishonors the King's coat must anticipate the severest penalties. Keep it so that the world and those who do not wear it must look upon you with esteem, those who are enemies to it become disgraced.

"My glorious ancestors look down upon you. The monuments of kings, and above all others, that of the 'Great Emperor,' bear you witness. In doing your service, remember the trying times through which the fatherland had to pass; remember it when your work is hard and tiresome. Remain unshaken in faith and confidence in the Lord, who will never forsake us. If you do this, my army and, above all, my Guard will be equal to its task at any time, in peace as well as in war.

"It becomes now your duty to stand by me faithfully and to defend all that is most precious to us, be it against an external or an internal enemy, to obey me when I order, and not to fail me."



"BESIDES, I'VE ASKED A GIRL," HE ADDED, AS HE PINNED A CLOVE PINK IN THE BUTTON-HOLE OF HIS COAT.

Drawn by Louis F. Grant.

DAVID

BY MARY M. MEARS

MRS. GRAY tied her bonnet strings and then began putting on her gloves. She was a small woman with meek eyelids and a firm chin. The black shawl shrouding her shoulders had a churchly air and she held a Bible in the curve of one arm. Her son David stood at the kitchen glass.

"But I tell you I've got to go, mother. I promised the fellows two weeks ago, and I'm not going to back out now." He was pinning a clove pink in the buttonhole of his coat, and he bent his flushed, boyish

face over the old-fashioned flower. "Besides, I've asked a girl," he added.

The widow put one hand on the back of a chair. "Who have you asked?"

"Miss North, if you must know."

"But Ruth?"

He faced her, his chin, which was hers over again, lifted high above his stiff collar.

"Look here, mother, Ruth sets too much store on going to meeting for me to ask her, more'n once, to go anywhere else. If she thinks that ranting Wheelocks knows all there is to know about religion and

what it's right to do and what it isn't, let her go and listen to him morning, noon and night, a week or two longer! As for me, I've had enough of it and I'll be glad when he clears out." He crushed on his hat, regardless of his carefully brushed curls, and started towards the door.

His mother was before him. Her small figure took on a majesty of appeal. "And you would go to a—*dancing hall*, rather than the house of God? Oh, Davy!"

He shifted uneasily and did not meet her eyes. "The folks there'll be just as respectable and a good deal saner," he muttered.

She watched him steadily, but his face, although he looked persistently away, was as resolute as hers. Suddenly his will

seemed to strike hers with a definite shock. She stood away from the door, her shawl drawn closely about her and her hands folded.

David hesitated. "Good bye, mother."

She did not answer, and he made a move to pass out. Then all restraint left her. Her usually soft voice rose to the strained, excited pitch of the revival meeting. "Your name shall be on every lip to-night as one who has loved unrighteousness more than goodness."

He pushed by and flung out of the house. Indignant tears came, but he forced them back and gradually the soothing yet disquieting charm of the May night stole over him. There had been a shower earlier in the evening, a wet moon struggled up from



"I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW IN THUNDER YOU CAME BY THAT BOOK."

Drawn by Louis F. Grant.

behind a bank of clouds and the air was heavy with the scent of lilac and apple blooms. May is essentially the month of youth, and David Gray, with the wind blowing on his hot cheeks, was as subtly a-thrill to the season as the violets and the frogs in the deep grass and all the soft, throbbing life of the under-world that seemed brought into evidence by the moonlight. He sighed presently, not because of the anger in his heart, but of the very emotion of living. The church bells began to ring and he met groups of people; stoop-shouldered, white-haired men, and women wearing shawls, with Bibles on their arms, like his mother. He hurried past them, but when he caught the gleam of a girl's light dress in a gateway, he almost paused. She was waiting for some one, just as Bessie North was probably waiting that moment for him. He threw up his head and went on more briskly.

Bessie North was from the neighboring large town of Hanover. She was visiting in Stillwater, staying with her grandfather, Joseph North, the village banker. She was a very pretty girl, and David was rather proud of being her escort to the party, although he bitterly resented Ruth Ashton's conduct. Dancing was not looked upon with favor in Stillwater; indeed, this was the first dance in two years; but Tom Salter, a young man who had spent some time at the State University, was at the bottom of the project, and that assured its success. In spite of all opposition, David and some other lads had gone in with him.

He felt a glow of pride as he led Bessie across the waxed floor of the little hall and then sat down beside her under the swinging festoons of evergreen. He thought that the hall looked very nice. A waltz was being played. The instruments were an organ and two fiddles, and he considered the music fine until Bessie laughed.

"Goodness! I don't know that I expected a grand piano and Paderewski, but if they haven't got an organ up there! How ridiculous!" She leaned forward to get a better view of the flag-draped platform. "Poor, old, decrepid thing, I bet it wished it was back in some one's pious parlor with the hymn-books piled on it."

"I guess it does," said David, soberly.

Her jesting words called up a picture which he had been trying to drive out of his mind—of a small, motto-hung room, with just such another organ near a window, and a slight, spiritual-faced young girl before it. David had never heard of St. Cecilia, and the picture meant to him simply Ruth Ashton singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain" on Sunday evening, but perhaps the significance was none the less.

He asked Bessie for the next dance, but through the squeak of the fiddles the organ spoke to him. It seemed to plead with him in the tone of the revivalist down the street. "Salute partners! Grand right and left!" chanted Tom Salter, but the voices of the boy's imagining were louder. "Mother's asked 'em to, and they're praying for me," he thought angrily.

He remained two dances more, then slipped away from the hall, having assured himself that Bessie would not lack for partners until his return. "It's so hot in there dancing, I'll just take a turn and get cooler," he explained to himself shamefacedly, but his walk brought him straight to the church.

He stole around to one of the windows and peered in, standing far enough back so he would not be observed. The church was very full and bright, the bracket-lamps along the walls seemed to vibrate in so many breaths. The people were most of them crouched over with their heads in their hands, and the slender form of a young man towered over them, but he was not speaking. It was a woman's voice that reached David. He pressed nearer the window, forgetting his fear of being seen, his keen face cut against the square of dark like a cameo. It was his mother.

She was standing, and he saw the gleam of jet in her bonnet above the bands of smooth hair. Her words were drowned by the sudden fluttering of a bat over his head, but there was no mistaking that look of tremulous determination. He had felt that her anger would lead her to do this, assuming the guise of a duty, and then he saw Ruth Ashton. Ruth's face, lifted and turned towards the older woman, wore a startled expression, but she seemed to

David to look full at him with wide, condemning eyes.

He did not wait for the prayer, but rushed away from the church and down the street. All his self-respect, fostered by an upright, church-going life, rose in revolt. What right had they to pray for him? What was his sin beyond the chafing of a healthy mind under the rant of an itinerant exhorter, and that evening the attending of a village dance. And Ruth, she, too, believed him a castaway. Well, there were those who had a different opinion of him, and he put his hand to his breast pocket, where he still carried Bessie North's fan.

When he returned to the hall, he found Bessie surrounded by a group of admirers, chief among them Tom Salter, but she scratched out some of the names on her card when David asked her to, and danced repeatedly with him. They prom-enaded and waltzed and quadrilled, and the city girl's preference of him went to his head like wine. He thought her about the prettiest girl he had ever seen, in her thin light dress with its loopings of lace and ribbon. She wore some yellow roses in her brown hair, and before the evening was over a large waxen bud replaced the clove pink in his buttonhole. But with the little sweet old-fashioned flower something as sweet seemed to go from his nature. He thought no longer of Ruth with Bessie laughing up at him. She told him that he danced as well as Tom Salter.

It was Saturday night, and he had intended going home at twelve, but they stayed until the organ was closed and the two fiddles put up, then walked home in the hush of the early morning. The moon was no longer shining and it was very still and dark, save for a stretch of gray along the horizon. A cock crew in a distant barnyard and another answered it, still further away. There was not a sound of life in the village street except the echo of their own footsteps. They cast alert, half-curious glances about them, like children walking in the dark. Every house loomed up curiously isolate from its neighbors, a separate monument to slumber, but the quiet yards still held league and the fruit trees and boundary shrubs slanted together, like lovers embracing. They

passed the church, forsaken now of all its fervent worshippers, and David kept his eyes turned from it. Perhaps he thought to see the wraith of little Ruth Ashton peering at him from a shadow. He bent his head nearer the roses in Bessie's hair. They walked very slowly. Once she slipped on the damp, bud-strewn walk, and he put his arm about her and kept it there until they reached her grandfather's gate. Huge bushes rose on either side of the gate, like mystic sentinels, and moved by an imperceptible breeze, wafted fragrance. All the world was asleep but the lilacs and these two. Bessie laughed coquettishly and tried to disengage herself, but David, holding her fast, kissed her. Then he let her go, and hearing her laugh again, went away exultant. Oh, youth and May-time!

The church bells were ringing the next morning when he went down to breakfast. It was Sunday and his mother was again all ready for church. It seemed to David that she had been standing there in her bonnet and shawl with her Bible on her arm, since last night. He sat down at the table and she poured his coffee. Her manner was half apologetic. She would have put her lips to his hair had he looked up, but he did not, and after a few lingering attentions to his comfort, she left him.

Some minutes later David slipped into the church and sat down in a back pew. The regular minister delivered the sermon, but David did not listen to him. He cast his eyes furtively towards the singing seats, hoping, yet fearing, to catch Ruth Ashton's delicate profile; but her place was vacant, and he looked down at the carpet and tried to disguise from himself why he had come. He would go and see Bessie that afternoon, she would expect him, and if he did—Still, he watched the door, and when he would have called up the intoxicating memory of Bessie and their kiss in the lilac-sweet darkness, it was another face that came to him. She might possibly have been delayed by some duty to her feeble old grandmother. But she did not come, and for lack of the sight of her, his resolve held, especially as his jealousy detected a look of similar disappointment on the face of Emanuel Wheelocks, the revivalist.

After dinner he disappeared in the barn,

and presently his mother saw him putting the colt into the thills of the best buggy. She stood a moment uncertainly, then went out to him. She stepped into the driveway and laid her hand on a spoke of the buggy wheel.

"Where you going, Davy?"

He did not answer her, but tucked the duster over his knees and picked up the lines.

"Davy!"

He sat stolidly in the sun, his eyes on the colt's back.

"Are you going to take that girl out riding, Davy?"

"I suppose I am."

She removed her hold to a lower spoke and sat down on the horse-block. Her black silk rippled over the dusty stone. David glanced at her. "If the horse should start, mother, you're liable to get hurt."

She did not let go her clasp, and her thin wrist with the black lace falling about it was as effectual a check as a chain of iron. David, sitting in the buggy, felt foolish. The tears began to run down her face and she fumbled for her handkerchief with her unoccupied hand. "I—I don't think you're doing right," she expostulated, "and for my part, I'm ashamed. Ruth isn't very well, and I should think if you were going to take anybody riding, it would be her."

His face changed. He glanced towards the house next door, but at that moment Emanuel Wheelocks turned in at the gate. He saw them, and, stepping over Ruth's pansy bed, came across the grass to the fence. He was very slight of build and did not look strong, his dark eyes glowed too brightly, like fires in a high wind. He greeted Mrs. Gray, and she rose, releasing her hold on the wheel. She tried to appear as if she had not been crying, but her glance from one to the other was appealing. David, however, did not heed it. Without a word or a look back, he drove rapidly from the yard. But he did not go after Bessie immediately. He skirted the village and drove several miles out on one of the country roads. He told himself that Bessie would not care to drive until the sun was lower. The truth was, the cloudless blue of the May sky seemed to him as the vault of a church, the birds were a chanting

choir, the fruit trees bowing priests, and all the full-budded maples and the shrubs and the very houses lifting their gables like praying hands, were a part of an universal congregation. David felt this vaguely—and that Bessie belonged to another time.

It was near seven o'clock when he drew up in front of Joseph North's. The door was opened by the servant. Somehow, he had expected that Bessie would meet him at the door; that she did not, disconcerted him. He hesitated, and the girl, after a comprehensive glance at his curling hair and embarrassed young face, dived into her pocket and drew forth a note. She thrust it towards him. "I guess you're the one," said she. She watched him curiously while he read it, for he stood as if rooted to the porch, the blood mantling his cheeks.

"She left this noon for Egerton, so she could catch the two o'clock Sunday train from there. That young Salter feller drove her over."

Her words roused David. With a slight nod, he wheeled about and walked down the path, carrying his head high. If his pride were humbled, he was not going to advertise it to the world, but the few saucy words of the note were branded across his brain.

He climbed into the buggy, holding his face aside as though he turned it from himself. His throat ached with repressed sobs, but he sat stiffly upright until the village was once more behind him. It was a blow to his pride, and again the vision of the revivalist, as he had seen him that morning in Ruth's garden, rose before him. "If it hadn't been for him!" he groaned; the phrase became a sort of chant for vengeance. He dropped his face in his hands, under the swaying buggy top.

The train which Emanuel was to take passed through Stillwater at six o'clock in the morning and David was down at the station at that time. He had no definite notion why he had come, but he sat on the settee against the station house wall and watched the road. When he heard the quick tread of the revivalist on the platform, he pretended that he had not been watching for him. Emanuel approached

and set down his valise. "Good morning, Mr. Gray," he said with gentle effusiveness, "you off, too?"

David did not answer, but his silence was lost on the other. He gazed around him, a keen pleasure lighting his face. There were some woods on the other side of the track, a brook meandered among the stumps, slipped under the track and expanded into an azure marsh, where in the season iris bloomed. Over the marsh the planks were elevated, and there was a hand rail on either side. It formed a sort of bridge down to the long stretch of level walk running from the village. Emanuel, looking down this walk to where it jutted in at the church door, seemed to see a whole army of the converted. To his imagination, they appeared like the rescued in a hymn, their faces lifted radiantly; and one there was more radiant than all the rest.

"I wish I were not leaving," he sighed. Then turning to David he continued wistfully, "My work here has been prospered more than I dared hope, still I am dissatisfied."

David's face quivered. "I should think you would be dissatisfied," he cried, "after all the trouble you've made!"

The words crashed like stones through a beautiful picture. The other started, in his amazement nearly letting fall a book which he carried. "I—don't know what you mean," he stammered. "I know it isn't much, but God knows I've done my best."

"Your best is it? The devil couldn't do any better! You've driven people insane, you've set parents against their children, there's no end to the mischief you've done, and I'd like to know how in thunder you came by that book!"

The book was a hymnal which David had given Ruth. Emanuel Wheelocks stared down at it helplessly. "It's one Miss Ashton let me take," he said, rolling his eyes towards the approaching train and raising his voice. "I couldn't find mine last night, and she let me take this to use until mine was found."

"Give it here!" raved David, and caught it from the other's hands. Emanuel made an attempt to save it, but was thrust back

so savagely that his slight weight gave way and he came down on his knees, striking his head against the handle of a truck. Then David tore the book across and flung the scraps right and left. The wind caught them and they were scattered over the platform and across the track and borne into the brook. The train slowed and stopped, and one leaf floated in at a car window.

The revivalist had not risen from where he had sunk weakly against the truck. There was a gash on his forehead and the blood was trickling down his face. David was looking at him dully when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"He ain't much hurt, but you'd better git aboard, Davy. I took in the whole scrap, comin' up that bit of grade." The speaker was the engineer. He and David's father had been friends. Now he dragged the boy on the train.

Until they reached Hanover he sat huddled up in a corner back of the engineer. His mind was a medley of confused impressions. He remembered sundry trips when he was a little fellow, taken with this same swarthy companion. How pink and innocent he must have been then, and now he saw himself disgraced, a fugitive from justice. The other shot a sympathetic glance at him from time to time.

"Don't be so down in the mouth, Davy. The fellow was just dazed, but you might just as well keep out of the way for a day or two until the thing blows over. I'll drop you off at Hanover. Then I'll learn to-night when I pass through your place how things stand, but without I miss my guess he won't say anything. These preacher chaps don't like to be caught in a scrap."

And so David went to Hanover, broken in spirit, with a growing sense of shame at his heart and no definite purpose. The next morning the engineer sighted the miserable lad hovering about the depot, and led him to a quiet corner in the lunch room.

"You can go home as soon as you want to. It was as I thought, the preacher didn't kick up no muss. In fact, he was down to the train to see me 'bout you. He just sensed enough in the morning to know I took you off, but he was that apolo-

getic. He said the misundersandin' was all his fault and his slippin' was just an accident, anyway. And he wanted me to let you know."

But David did not go home. He roamed the city for work, and at last got a place in a grocery store. He drove the delivery wagon and left packages at kitchen doors. Once he caught sight of Bessie North on a neighboring door-step, but he pulled his cap over his eyes and she did not recognize him. He was very unhappy and as unyielding as it was in his nature to be, partly from shame and partly from unquelled suspicion. He thought of his mother, gentle but unswerving; he was too much like her not to understand her. And he thought of Ruth; Ruth had always been "his girl," even when they were children. And he thought of Emanuel. Sometimes the memory of the message the engineer had brought made him hesitate. But why go home? Ruth cared for another. And why repent? What did the blood on the white face signify beside the wrong that had been done him? Thus he wrestled with himself.

One day when he had been in Hanover something over a month and the heat and dust of the city, combined with his excitement of mind, were beginning to tell on him, the same white face with a scar over the right temple loomed up before him out of the crowd.

"Mr. Gray! I thought I must run across you some day. How—how are you getting on?" There was the old halting urgency of speech and the old winning smile.

David stared at him, then looked back at the grocer's horse where it stood with its four feet planted ponderously and its patient head almost to the pavement. He directed his answer that way. "I'm getting along all right," he muttered.

"You aren't looking very well," persisted the other. "Don't you think—you ought to go home, Mr. Gray? I held services there Sunday, and there are those that would be glad to see you," he concluded, softly.

David hesitated. "You mean mother?" he blurted out.

Emanuel nodded. "Yes, and some one else."

David flushed and suddenly a smile broke over his face. He bent and picked some lint from his clothes to hide it. "Are you sure?" he asked presently.

"Sure," answered Emanuel, steadily.

Then David straightened up and the eyes of the two met. Had they been women, each would have spoken of what he read in the face of the other, but being men, they merely gripped hands.

That evening David stepped off on the home platform. In the distance the village shone like a jeweled city, the tops of the trees were gilded, the church spire was a golden dart, the cottage windows flashed. One window seemed to signal a greeting to him, and at a neighboring gate, in his fancy, a young girl waited wistfully. His pulses thrilled with the anticipated meeting, but he hesitated. Then the note of love sounded above all other notes. He went swiftly home through the lush twilight.

And down in the brook where the iris buds trembled to unfurl, wrapped like a sheath about a delicate stock, was then torn leaf of a hymnal:

"—for wand'rings sad and lone,
I left, I left it all for thee."

The words were faint and blurred, but perhaps their message crept the stem, for this spray, advancing the rest, had bloomed out softly and the flowers had the look of patient eyes.



CARROLL'S PROMOTION*

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

II.

ON the morning of Mrs. Bessie's projected excursion to Oak Park, Carroll bought a newspaper and read the column of "Personals" on the way down town. Assuming that his wife and sister-in-law would be on their way to the station by half-past eight, he reckoned upon having seven hours in which to do what there was to be done.

Having a clear field, he fancied the details of the affair would facilitate themselves; but in this he was presently disappointed. In the first place, the business required the selection of an agent; and after talking with several, Carroll was minded to go farther at the risk of faring worse. Hence he lost the whole forenoon measuring terms with sundry gentlemen whose misleading advertisements in the newspaper were singularly at variance with their verbal proposals to a would-be client. At noon the negotiations paused, and after the loss of another hour the urgent necessity for haste broke down the barriers of prudence, and Carroll was fain to do not what he would, but what he could.

Then the mill began to grind in fell earnest, and he speedily found himself between the upper and nether stones. When his growing anxiety to come to a conclusion began to be manifest, the cautious gentlemen of the "personals" fought shy of him and cast stumbling-blocks of delay in his way, which might be removed only by costly offerings to the god of usury. Coming to finalities, more precious time was lost in beating back and forth between the Scylla of an office in Wabash avenue and the Charybdis of another in Randolph street. What with this and other delays it was quite two o'clock before he succeeded in coming to terms and in wringing an apparently unwilling consent from the least reluctant of the brokers.

*This story in two chapters appears in the February and March numbers.

As they were about to set out together for the Maquoketa, a new terror suddenly seized upon Carroll. What if, after all, something unforeseen had happened to prevent the visit to Aunt Rachel? The bare possibility of finding Bessie and Amy at home was not to be left to chance, and he was forced to beg for a little further delay. He got it—by paying for it—and then ran all the way across to the North Side to make sure that the coast was clear. When he won back, footsore and breathless, there was another client in the office; hence it was quite late in the afternoon when, all difficulties finally surmounted, the cautious dealer in promises to pay began taking a leisurely inventory of the household effects in "R-3," Maquoketa Dwellings.

Carroll followed the man from room to room with his heart in his throat and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth. There were many prying questions to be answered, and the family history was searched out in circumstantial and humiliating detail. Carroll submitted, choking with wrath, but his sense of the indignity of the transaction was dulled by the numbing fear that Bessie and Amy might return before the inquisition was at an end. It was four o'clock when the methodical progress of the inventory brought them to the parlor, and Carroll smothered an oath when the money-lender sat down to look about him with the air of one to whom haste is a thing apart.

"I beg your pardon, but I shall have to ask you to hurry, Mr. Blanchet," he began, but the man of chattels shrugged his shoulders in deprecation as he went on to add the furnishings of the room to his list.

"You have the comfortable 'ome, is it not, Mr. Carroll? But the furniture—it is much worn; and the buyers they do not consider the comfort. You will have the receipted bill for all of these?"

"For everything but the piano; that is not yet paid for, as I told you."

"Not paid for!" said the broker, and his eyebrows and shoulders went up together. "In that case, my dear sir, the affair is of the impossible! Surely you would not expect of my principal that he will lend his money upon only these?"—tapping the list with contemptuous finger.

Now, truly, Carroll had set forth with great clearness the fact that the piano was already covered by a vendor's lien, but the man of percentages would not let slip so good a chance for further extortion. None the less, he was not wise in his generation, or he would have seen the devil of violence that came suddenly and peered out through his client's eyes. Carroll's hands made themselves into fists of their own volition, and when he spoke it was plain to be seen that wrath had gotten the better of prudence.

"You knew all about the piano before you came here. Now answer me one question: will you make the loan or not? Yes or no."

The broker sought to multiply words, but when he hinted at a higher rate of interest Carroll broke in with his face ablaze.

"By heavens, no! You've bled me like a sheep in the shambles and there's a limit to all things. Make out your papers on what you've got, before I'm tempted to——"

The door opened behind him and he turned, to find himself confronting Amy. She stopped on the threshold with a little cry of surprise, and then glanced questioningly at the stranger.

"Dear me! you gave me quite a shock, Henry; I hadn't the least idea you were at home!"

Carroll pounced upon his self-possession, grappled it, and met the emergency as best he might.

"Yes, I came up a few minutes ago with Mr.—ah—Blanchet. We were just going back to the city. Where is Bessie?"

The broker rose and gathered up his papers, and Amy looked mystified.

"Bessie stopped to order some things at the grocery," she explained. "She'll be here in a few minutes. Must you go back to the store before supper?"

"To the store?" Carroll was never nearer self-betrayal, but he caught himself

on the brink—"yes—of course; right away. I'm only off for an hour. Come, Mr. Blanchet; we'll go now if you're ready."

He let the broker pass him in the entry and darted back for a word with Amy. "For pity's sake, Amy, don't say a word about this to Bessie," he pleaded. "I can't explain anything now, but you must trust me and promise—quick!"

"I won't say anything, if you don't want me to, Henry; but——"

He was gone before she could ask the question, and he overtook Blanchet at the second landing. While they were feeling their way toward the next flight of steps the front door opened and shut, and Carroll heard the prattle of his children. Quick as thought he dragged the astonished money-lender into the dark entry of "R—2."

"Not a word, if you want to get out of here alive!" he whispered; and together they waited while Mrs. Bessie and the small ones climbed slowly to the floor above. Then they went on down the stairs and so out into the street, and neither spoke again until they were closeted once more in the dingy office of the money-lender. Here the man of business leaned back in his chair, eased his mind in a few terse sentences, and refused to have anything further to do with the matter.

"You take me to your house—you threaten—the lady comes in—you introduce me not. We go down the stair—one other lady meets us, and you threaten again. There is but one thing about all this, Mr. Carroll; you have been doing that which will not bear the investigation—that for which you are made ashamed. I do business with the honest man only; my principal he shall say that his money must not go to pay the debt of the gambler, of the trotting horse, of the bad character."

Carroll saw at once that he had lost whatever vantage ground he may have had in the beginning, and made shift to compromise as best he could. It was a hard fight, and it cost him dear; but he escaped at last with something less than a hundred dollars in his pocket as a net result of the day's battle. And the consideration therefor was a chattel mortgage on everything

he owned for the principal sum of two hundred dollars, due in one month from that day.

On the way home he overtook Amy, who had been on an errand to the butcher's. They walked together in silence for a few minutes, and then Amy spoke her mind, affectionately but without reserve.

"I want you to tell me all about it, Henry," she said. "What is it that has made you grow ten years older in the last two or three months? You've been playing a part all along, and I've known it from the first. I can understand why it might be something that you wouldn't want Bessie to know, but I'm not Bessie—and perhaps I could help."

Carroll took fresh courage of his refilled pocketbook and answered lightly. "Oh, if you mean the little surprise I was trying to plan this afternoon——"

"Don't tell fibs, Henry—it's wrong. And I didn't mean anything about what happened this afternoon, though you know you were very angry when I opened the door. That's nothing—or, at least, it's only part of it. What is the dreadful thing at the bottom of it all?"

Carroll took counsel first of dissimulation and then of common sense. "I won't deny that there is trouble, Amy, but it's a thing that I can't talk about—not even to you. I'm going to treat you as a loyal kinswoman and put myself entirely at your mercy. You must believe that the trouble is not of my making; and you must help me to keep Bessie from so much as suspecting that there is any trouble. Will you do that?"

Amy took time to consider it. Then she asked: "Are you quite sure that neither Bessie nor I could help if we knew?"

"Quite sure."

"Must you carry it alone, Henry?"

"It would only make it harder for me if I didn't."

"Then I suppose I must help you in the only way you'll let me; but I can't help thinking it's a mistake for you to insist."

They had reached the Maquoketa door, and Carroll pressed the bell-push. "Perhaps it is a mistake—I have sometimes thought it might be; but that's on me, too.

I've tried to do what seemed right and best, and it's too late to turn back now, even if I wanted to—and I don't want to."

That evening Carroll fought a good fight for light-heartedness, and not without a certain measure of success. The evil day was postponed for a month, and many things might happen in four weeks. Amy seconded him loyally, and everything went well until they came together in the parlor after supper. Here a thing happened for which not even the reprieve was a counterpoise, and Carroll's carefully built structure of cheerfulness toppled to its fall when Bessie found a curious legal blank on the table.

"Where in the world did this come from?" she asked. "'For and in consideration of the sum of——'"

"Let me see it," said Carroll, quickly.

He had just filled his pipe, and he stooped, with the paper in his hand, to light a spill at the fire. There was a blaze, a smothered exclamation, and the document in the case went up the chimney with a diminishing roar.

"Well! that was a smart thing to do!" he exclaimed, trying to look properly chagrined. "Now we shall never know what the thing was—and I burned my fingers, besides."

Amy was quite as much in the dark as was her sister, but she divined at once that it was something to be hidden, and came promptly to the rescue.

"Mr. Petherell had some papers out of his pocket when he was here last night," she ventured; "perhaps it was one of them."

Here the matter rested, but Carroll's peace of mind was gone; and not even the pleasant diversion of filling his wife's purse, later in the evening, sufficed to restore it. In the division of the money he kept the fifty dollars which was his own apportionment, promising to spend it in the manner set forth in Mrs. Bessie's manifesto. As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the kind. On the next day but one, three-fifths of it went to take up two overdue notes on the piano; and a week later he was still gaining time by spending his evenings over a book of tailor's samples, professedly halting among many opinions.

In the major contention, the calling in of the last reserve seemed to give him fresh energy. He told himself that the final race, in which he had thirty days the start of utter ruin, had begun; therefore, he would go forth girded with the whole armor of hope and shod with the tireless sandals of persistence. Clues of the slightest were followed wherever they led; advertisements of all kinds were answered, regardless of their conditional qualifications. For something more than a fortnight he quartered the city in every direction, chasing the phantom of employment from street to street, and from basement to skylight in the great office buildings.

The second and fatal attack of despondency dated from the day of this discovery. The four weeks were drawing to a close, and hope died and was buried when he thought of the grief and humiliation which were presently to come upon the small household in the Maquoketa. The extremity quenched the last ember of pride, and one morning he set out to find Perkins. The salesman was not in town; he had been away for two months on his annual Pacific-coast trip, and his employers thought he might be out ten days or two weeks longer.

It was the finishing stroke, and Carroll gave up the fight. There was nothing more to do but to wait for the inevitable; and he wore out the chill autumn day tramping up and down the length of the breakwater, seeking to drown the mental misery in a sea of physical discomfort. For two or three days he killed time after this hard fashion, breasting the wind on the deserted breakwater, or huddling for warmth under the shelter of the pier-head bridge; and in this interval despair began to take the shape of a presumptuous temptation. Out of the wreck of his belongings he had saved the life-insurance policy. If he should die, Bessie and the children would be at once safely beyond the reach of disaster.

The thought took form and gathered strength one rainy afternoon while he was shivering under the bridge; and he followed whithersoever it led. In the evening he took it home with him, nursing it through the sleepless hours of the night;

and by morning it had become a determination, lacking nothing but a feasible plan of accomplishment.

At this point, however, even desperation failed him. He was brave enough, as latter-day courage goes, and the simpler and less painful forms of suicide were not particularly appalling. It would be easy enough to fall from the outer edge of the breakwater with a flat stone buttoned inside of his coat; or, failing the nerve to face the brief struggle with asphyxia, there were drugs, many and deadly. But none of these methods would answer. To save the insurance without peradventure of doubt, the death must be plainly accidental; and there must be witnesses who could be readily found, and whose testimony would be unimpeachable.

Carroll walked many miles that day, seeking a solution of the problem, and no thought of the moral turpitude of the thing came to distract him; he was far enough beyond the reach of such influences. At last he hit upon a plan which seemed to fulfil all the requirements. Then he went up and down the busier streets until he found the exact point at which the conditions focussed. It was in the wholesale district, not far from the brown-stone building occupied by Perkins's employers.

There were plenty of people on the sidewalks, and yet not the throng which clogs its own progress and obstructs a view of the roadway. Near the corner there was a small restaurant, whose proprietor stood in the doorway talking to three or four late lunchers who had paused on the way out to light their cigars. And for the means to the end, there were the tracks of the cable-line, with their projectile-like trains passing and repassing.

Carroll measured the accessories with a critical eye; saw that the down-town trains swung into the street around a sharp curve at the corner with unslackened speed; and tested with his foot the slipperiness of the wet cobble-stones in the pavement. Everything was favorable, and it only remained for him to attract the attention of the witnesses, and to time his crossing by the warning clang of the gong on an approaching train.

As he was about to do the first, the thought that he should never see Bessie and the children again—that his hurried leave-taking of the morning was his final farewell to wife and children and home—overwhelmed him with the sudden submerging shock of a fresh plunge into a profounder depth of misery. For the moment it threatened to unman him, and he had to accustom himself to its bitterness by walking up and down the street, before he could force himself to go on with the remaining preliminaries.

"Oh, good Lord!" he groaned, as he turned his face once more toward the corner, "to think that I've got to go without saying another word—to think that the careless good-bye of this morning was the last I'll ever say to them! Great God—I can't do it! Why, Beth wasn't awake when I came away; and Davie was so sleepy he didn't know when I kissed him. And yet, it's for their sakes, and I've got it to do."

He was passing a saloon, and a spirit-laden whiff of warm air brought a fresh temptation, but he put it aside before it could gather strength. "No, that won't do; I can't even take a drink to tide me over the pinch. They'd say I was drunk, and then Bessie wouldn't get the money after all."

Two of the restaurant-keeper's customers were gone when Carroll came up, but two others were standing in the doorway, and they looked on and listened to the casual question and answer.

"To Gannon's packing house? Yes, this line'll take you there. That's your car coming, but you'll have to chase up to the corner to catch it; they don't stop between crossings."

Carroll seemed not to have heard the condition, since he ran out into the street and stood between the rails of the nearer track, signalling a train coming down upon the other. The grip-man pointed to the corner, and Carroll started to run just as the opposing train swept around the curve.

There was an angry clanging of the gong, and he looked back to measure his distance. Then the three men in the doorway saw him stumble and fall; saw the grip-man hurl his cable-lever forward and

throw his weight upon the brake; saw the blunt-pointed fender of the car nuzzle the inert body and shove it aside as the speed of the train slackened. It was all done very quickly, and they had carried him into the restaurant before the crowd could gather.

When Carroll opened his eyes he was lying on the night-cook's cot in the restaurant kitchen, and a brisk little gentleman with eye-glasses was gently probing him for broken bones. His first sensation was a feeling of utter weariness at the thought that it all had to be done over again; the second was a fear that he had succeeded only in crippling himself.

"I suppose you're a doctor," he said ungraciously; "what's the size of it?"

"Nothing serious, so far as I can see. How do you feel?"

Carroll sat up to find out. "I feel as if I'd been run through a stone-breaker, but I guess I'm all here yet."

"Stand up," commanded the physician.

Carroll obeyed, steadying himself on the proffered arm of the restaurant-keeper, and looking ruefully at his muddy clothes.

"I'm a sight to behold, anyway," he said, forgetting his trouble for the moment in a cleanly man's repugnance to dirt.

"Never mind that," interrupted the brisk gentleman; "don't feel any special pain anywhere, do you?"

"Yes, I'm largely made up of pain, but I think it's nothing worse than a lot of bruises. How much do I owe you, Doctor?"—and Carroll's hand sought his pocket.

"A little debt of common courtesy, which you don't seem disposed to pay. Good afternoon"—and the physician vanished in a small whirlwind of indignation.

"You don't seem over and above thankful," remarked the restaurant-keeper, easing Carroll down upon the cot again. "You've had a mighty close call, and I should think you'd feel like takin' everybody by the hand, just now. You stood ten chances to one of bein' dead by this time, instead of bein' only a little mite bruised and muddy."

"How do you know I wouldn't rather be dead?" asked Carroll, perversely. "A man might as well be dead as to be out of

work."

The trite remark was as fire to tow in the case of the dispenser of victuals.

"Out of nothing!" he retorted, beginning to tramp back and forth in front of Carroll. "That's the same old story, and I've heard it till my back aches. There ain't a day in my life that some finicky gentleman don't come here and ask for a meal, and when I offer him a job he turns up his nose and slides out of the door as quick as Weary Walker himself! And here I'm turnin' away custom every day o' the world just because I can't get waiters! What you fellows want to do is to come down off the perch and take honest work, wherever you can find it; then there won't be no trouble."

Carroll smiled in spite of himself. "Is that a challenge?" he asked.

"You can take it any way you're a-mind to; and you can pull off your coat and go to work, if that's what you mean."

Carroll got up unsteadily and pulled off his coat. "Give me a whisk broom and let me have a chance to wash, and I'll show you," he said, quietly.

"Oh, you will? Well, that's business; now you talk like a man. I know all about it—been used to better things, and all that; but when you come down to fish-hooks, any kind of work's respectable if you want to make it so. Go wash at the sink over there, and I'll find you a brush."

Half an hour later, Carroll was a white-aproned unit in the silent rank of waiters standing opposite the tables in the dining-room. When a man courts death, it is to be supposed that he has put such trivial things as class distinctions far enough behind him; but Carroll would have been more or less than human if he had not wanted to disappear under the table when he saw Perkins enter and come straight toward him. None the less, he rose superior to the weak-kneed inclination, drew back the chair for the preoccupied salesman and slid it under him with the deftness of an expert. Perkins reached for the bill of fare and began to give his order without looking up.

"Let me see; I'm hungry enough to eat boiled dog, but you needn't bring me any. Get me a good, thick porter-house steak.

well done, but juicy; understand? And while it's on the fire, you can bring me a cup of coffee; and say—tell cookee to make that cof—"

He chanced to look up, and the word was broken in two in the middle. "Great Caesar's ghost! Is that you, Harry? Or have I got a bad case of wheels? What on top of earth are you masquerading here for?"

Carroll laughed as if death, debt and disaster were things of little moment—laughed from his heart as he had not for three dismal months. "Just what you see," he replied; "trying to take your order."

"Take my—but, man! I don't savvy a little bit. Sit down here and tell me all about it."

"Better let me get your supper first."

"Supper be hanged! Here you—" beckoning to another waiter—"come here and take my order."

The proprietor saw the hitch and came over to investigate.

"That's all right, Merkley," said Perkins, waving him off; "just go back over there to your pigeon-hole. This waiter of yours is a friend of mine, and he's going to take supper with me. Take off that apron and put on your coat, Harry—got a coat, haven't you?"

"Yes, but it's out in the kitchen."

"Out in the—go bring this gentleman's coat! What are you standing there like a wooden Indian for?"

The waiter was back in a moment with the garment, and Carroll sat down opposite Perkins while the latter gave a double order for supper.

"Now, then," said the salesman, when they were alone, "just take a long breath and give me the score of the whole shooting-match. How're Bessie and the babies—and Amy; and where are they? And how does it come that I find the future junior partner of Altenheimer & Company doing the fetch-and-carry act with a white apron on? Just begin at the bottom and dig your way up through it while we wait."

Carroll did it, beginning with the drawing of the prize in the Altenheimer lottery and ending shamefacedly with the attempt at suicide. When he had finished, Perkins

"You see, Harry's thrown up his place eased the strain by driving the waiter back to the kitchen with much unmerited abuse. Then he turned his attention to Carroll.

"Well! of all the chuckle-headed, idiotic chumps on top of earth, you are the medicine man of the tribe! You—oh, Lord; language isn't in it! I knew you were lying to me that night. And you just put on your war-paint and let things go to the terriers without ever saying a word! You don't deserve to have a friend in the world."

"I know it," said Carroll, meekly.

"You don't know anything of the sort: you haven't got sense enough to know it. What time is it?—he glanced up at the clock and flung down his napkin—"By George, we can make it if we rush; the old man don't go till five. Get your hat, quick, and come along."

Carroll knew not what they were to make, but he was ready by the time the salesman had paid his bill; and five minutes later they were shut in with the senior partner in the wholesale dry-goods house of Randle Brothers. Perkins went straight to the point, as was his wont.

"Mr. Randle, this is my friend, Mr. Henry Carroll, one of Altenheimer's best men, and one of the unlucky ones in their lottery reduction scheme. You asked me if I could recommend somebody to take Leshner's route, and I've brought Carroll here to have you look him over."

The senior partner accepted the suggestion literally, and appeared to be somewhat disconcerted. Perkins laughed when he saw what he had done, and hastened to make the necessary explanation.

"Harry's been having a little tussle with a grip-car, and he got rather the worst of it," he said. "I was so anxious to have you see him to-night that I wouldn't let him go home to clean up."

Mr. Randle appeared to be satisfied, and for the next few minutes the talk was of business. At its conclusion the senior partner shut his desk and took down his overcoat.

"We'll try your friend," he said to Perkins; "but you'll have to make a trip with him and show him how to sell goods on the road. If he fills the bill, the salary will

be fifteen hundred the first year."

Carroll overheard, swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to speak, but the older man forestalled him.

"It's all right, Mr. Carroll; I know what you want to say, and I take it for granted that you're going to be a vigorous success in the new field. Perkins, bring him in to-morrow and show him the stock. Good-night."

When Mr. Randle was gone, Perkins again took up his role of the Good Samaritan.

"Now, about these 'uncles,'" he began; "how many of them are there, and how many pounds of flesh have we got to put up?"

Carroll produced the bunch of pawn tickets, and Perkins ran them over hastily.

"Most of them back numbers, aren't they?—but that'll be all right. Wait, and I'll get the cashier to stake me so we can clean these up to-night; then we'll tackle the chattel man to-morrow."

Carroll waited in a daze of thankfulness, and presently they made the redemptory round together. The trouble began at the first place they came to, but the salesman cut the argument short and called in a policeman. After that, the task was much easier and infinitely less costly; and the salvage was bulky enough to make a cab necessary for the journey to the North Side. On the way over they agreed upon the line of explanation to be taken up with Mrs. Bessie and Amy.

"I don't want them ever to know any more than they do now," said Carroll, when the plan was outlined, "but I sha'n't tell any more lies if I can help it. I have had enough of that to last me a lifetime."

"I'll spell you awhile," said Perkins, briefly, as the cab stopped in front of the Maquoketa. "You're a wooden-headed idiot of the first water, and you did a whole lot of things that you ought to be kicked around the block for, but keeping the trouble away from the women wasn't one of them."

When they arrived at the threshold of "R-3" there was great astonishment, as was to be expected. Perkins proceeded to transmute it into joy by easy but rapid stages.

at Altenheimer's, and he's going to work for our people to-morrow, so he thought he'd gather up everything and make one job of it while he had somebody to make a pack-mule of. Whereby I'm a cripple for life; and if I didn't have any longer memory than he has, I'd piece it out with a sheet of writing-paper. And how are you both, and how have you been getting along all these weeks? And how are the ba——"

"Do let me get a word in edgeways," said Mrs. Bessie. "How in the world did you ever come to leave the store, Henry? And what——"

"Got a better job," Perkins cut in; Randle wants him to take the short route for fifteen hundred dollars a year. Hope you didn't expect him to come home and say 'please may I?' while Mr. Randle waited."

"Oh, you—Amy, make Mr. Perkins keep still for just two minutes, if you can. Now tell me all about it, Henry. Are you really going to get fifteen—Mercy! where have you been with your clothes?"

"Drunk and disorderly," said Perkins; "got tangled up with a grip-car and proceeded to make a street-sweeper of himself. Oh, he's a hard case, that husband of yours, Mrs. Bessie, and if you'll give us some supper I'll tell you all about the seventeen different kinds of idiot he is."

There was an immediate adjournment to the dining-room, and the two housekeepers had no reason to suspect that the meal was the second one for Carroll and the salesman within two hours. As was his custom when he was the only guest, Perkins monopolized the table-talk; and when the meal was finished everything was accounted for, not excepting the reappearance of Carroll's watch and chain.

"Luckiest thing that ever happened to a man on the face of the green earth," Perkins explained. "Might have gone by that pawn-shop a hundred times and never have seen it."

"I don't see why we didn't think of the thief's pawning it," said Mrs. Bessie.

"Oh, Harry never thinks of anything. Cart him off into the parlor and try to pound a little sense into him while I help Amy clear the table."

"You!"

"Yes, I; man can be a waiter if he wants to, can't he?"

Carroll choked at that and led his wife into the front room, where they had ample time to discuss the new future in all its bearings, before the salesman and Amy made their appearance.

"So you did get your promotion, after all, didn't you, Henry, dear? And I'm so glad, only I wish you didn't have to travel."

"The trips are all short on Leshner's route, so Will tells me," rejoined Carroll; "I can get in every week."

"That will be nice; and then, by and by, perhaps we can afford to move over to the Mendine."

Carroll yawned sleepily. The strain was off for the first time in many weeks, and he felt as if he could sleep the clock around. Mrs. Bessie ran her fingers through his hair and glanced up at the recrudescence of the mantel clock.

"Dear me! it's half-past nine, and those two people are out there yet! I wonder——"

"Say it to their faces," said Perkins calmly, entering at that moment with Amy on his arm. There was a happy twinkle in his eyes, and his boyish face shone with something more than its wonted freshness, and Amy was blushing visibly. The Carrolls were both properly speechless, and Perkins led Amy over to the sofa.

"I know it's bed-time," he said, apologetically, "and you're both as sleepy as a pair of owls, but I should think you might wake up enough to congratulate us. I've actually proposed and been accepted over a dish-pan, and that of itself is unique enough to call for a little astonishment, if nothing more."

The congratulations were forthcoming, and they lacked nothing in sincerity; but Perkins had the last word, as he usually did.

"It's a little sudden, as you say," he assented, as he rose to go, "but so many things have happened to-day that we felt as though we ought to be in it, some way; so I suggested that we celebrate Harry's promotion—and we did it. Good-night, all; I'll be around to breakfast in the morning, if you don't mind."

"IN THE SPRING, THE VIOLETS"

BY W. BERT FOSTER



T was a cold, gray day—a day when the breeze from the Mediterranean was chill. The headland on which stood the cottage—the furthest outpost of the village which straggled up from the shore in a tortuous, double row of poorly thatched huts—the headland, I say, was exposed to all the rawness of the winter blast, as in summer it basked in the warmth of the spicy breath then wafted from the African shore. But it was hard to imagine the beauty and warmth of summer in the light of winter's barren prospect.

Before the low door of the cottage on the head, with his arms folded upon the gate post, stood a man puffing silently at a short black pipe. His hair was thin and quite gray, and hung in long, untidy whisks over the collar of his shirt, for, despite the rigor of the weather, Michel Bounat was without his coat. He was a hale-looking man, withal his gray hairs, and stood straight and soldierly in his wooden shoes. His face was innumably wrinkled and tanned like a piece of belt leather.

The white road, leading in one direction back into the country, and in the other down between the poor cottages to the decaying wharves of the fishing village, was deserted. No boats were abroad to-day and the fishermen stayed close in-doors, mending their nets, or engaged in similar occupations. Only Old Michel was out, restless at this provision of Providence—the storm now gathering in the south. Michel Bounat was not used to being housed—"like an old woman, or a sick cat," he told himself—because of the weather. He had forded the rivers of Poland and his hair had been whitened by

the snows of the Alps. Should a fresh breeze, which scarcely ruffled the face of the sea below, keep him in-doors?

"*Mon Dieu!*" muttered Michel, knocking the ashes from his pipe and proceeding to load it again. "These stupid fishermen have not *blood* in their veins—not even wine. It is water!"

He looked up to see a lonely figure coming along the road toward him. Strangers did not appear so frequently in this quiet spot that their advent could pass unmarked, even by the man of the world, Michel Bounat, and this stranger would attract attention anywhere. His figure was long and lank, and as he strode along the road, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his long cloak flapped ungracefully about his legs. His face was almost black, with high cheek bones and narrow slits for eyes, above which the shaggy brows hung threateningly. His coal-black hair was tied in a queue which stuck out straight from under his tri-cornered hat.

As he drew nearer, his metal-shod came tapping heavily upon the hard road; Old Michel went on filling his pipe. He brought forth from his pocket a flint and steel and, stooping, struck a spark into the bowl of the pipe. He was still drawing mightily, with cheeks sucked in, to get the tobacco into a decent glow, when the stranger reached the cottage.

"Good-day, citizen," said the dark man, briefly, and would have passed on.

Michel, still drawing at his pipe, replied with a salute of the hand, momentarily resuming that soldierly carriage learned under—aye, before the First Empire. The stranger hesitated, halted, and turned back.

"A cold, raw day, citizen," he said, his keen eye roving over the old man's figure and back to his wrinkled face.

Michel, still busy with his pipe, nodded. "Yet—in the spring, the violets," eh, citizen?"

Michel started and glanced keenly at the

stranger. His pipe was drawing indifferently well now, and he removed it and spoke.

"True—'tis an old saying," he said.

"And quite as true regarding the times, eh, citizen?" insinuated the stranger. "These children playing at government in Paris, are bringing us to a bad pass, eh?"

"These *be* evil times—we see it even here," said Michel, shaking his head non-committingly.

"But—in the spring, the violets," eh, citizen?" repeated the other, his dark face cracking into a frosty smile.

Just then old Jean, Michel's wife, came to the door of the cot with her good man's coat on her arm. "Put on thy coat, man," she said, with decision. "Truly, 'there's no fool like an old one,'—standing there in the raw wind in thy shirt, indeed!"

Old Michel slipped his arms into the sleeves, still puffing at the pipe.

"A man learns to obey after service in the guards," he grumbled to the stranger.

"I knew you for a soldier, citizen," rejoined the other, in a low tone. "How came you to leave the service?"

Old Michel lifted his cap and something like a tear shone in his eye. "At Fontainebleau," he said.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the stranger, eagerly. "And what think you of this Corporal Violet whom, they say, will come with the spring?"

The old man started and bent his gaze more keenly upon the stranger. "We have heard something of Corporal Violet, even here," he whispered. "What is afoot, citizen? Will he—"

He stopped suddenly. Jean had closed the door and, suspicious of the confidential tones of the men, came down to the gate to listen. The stranger touched his hat to her and she courtesied with unsmiling countenance.

"Good-day to you, citizeness," he said. "We were speaking of the Corporal Violet whom men say will be with us in the spring." While speaking he threw back his cloak. On his breast was pinned a rosette of velvet violets.

Madame Jean took the initiative hastily. "We know nothing about him here, good citizen," she said. "We are a quiet people

hereabout,—and my husband is far too old for—*for active work.*"

Old Michel snorted like a war-horse held in check, and threw up his head. The stranger smiled a slow, unpleasant smile and leaning forward, tapped with his long finger the little iron cross pinned upon Michel's breast.

"Who placed *that* over your heart, citizen?" he asked.

Old Michel removed his pipe and straightening up again, saluted. There was a flush upon his withered cheek. "*L'Em—*," he began, but Madame Jean broke in, harshly.

"That villain, Bounaparte!" she exclaimed.

"Hem! True, true," said Michel, returning the pipe to its place; "that villain Bounaparte, of course."

The stranger nodded, with the sardonic smile still wreathing his thin lips. "Good-day, citizen; good-day, citizeness," he said, with another bow. "But remember, 'in the spring, the violets!'"

"Come into the house, you old fool!" exclaimed Madame Jean, as the stranger's stick tapped on down the road to the village. "You're too old to stand gossiping with every ne'er-do-well that comes by," and Michel meekly followed her.

* * * * *

But as the dreary winter months passed, the spirit of unrest and expectation penetrated even this out-of-the-way fishing village. Rumor flew fast and the insignia of the violet flourished upon the peasant's cockade, as it did upon the lady's headdress in Paris. The whisper of the mysterious Corporal Violet became a murmur, and the murmur, open talk. Still the Royalists—those "children playing at government, with a puppet for a king"—would not be warned. They had "learned nothing, forgotten nothing," and looked with disdain upon the upstarts who had followed the fortunes of the Corsican adventurer. And the violet flourished all over France.

In the cottage on the bleak headland, Old Michel Bounat was filled with a great unrest. He would not admit his age, nor his lameness, nor would he listen to Jean's warnings. He was as hale as ever, he declared; and he spent his time in cleaning

the heavy musket which had hung since that sad day at Fontainebleau above the fireplace, and in polishing the buckles of belt and strap. The little iron cross, since the stranger had touched it, seemed to burn like a red-hot spark upon his breast, and warmed to life half-dead ambitions and long-forgotten memories.

The spring came on apace and all France throbbled with conflicting thought. The feeling of expectation was in the very air, and when, on that fateful twentieth of March, the Elban Exile landed on French soil, the news traveled from one end to the other of the land, it seemed upon the wings of the wind. The people knew it instinctively.

The news reached the cottage on the headland and Old Michel, like a boy running away from home, crept from the cottage in the early morning and set off afoot to join his old companions in arms. Weary leagues lay between him and Grenoble, where the finest troops of France were to meet the Exile and stem the tide of rising rebellion; but the distance did not affright the man who had marched across half the countries of Europe at the behest of the Man of Destiny.

Upon every hand he heard news of the Exile's approach. Couriers spurred to and fro along the village highways; the peasants left their fields and conversed in excited groups by the roadside; but the old man, his white hair gathered in a stiff little queue beneath his shako, and the heavy musket upon his shoulder, plodded on in silence.

The months of his inaction had stiffened his joints and shortened his breath; but never would Michel Bounat admit that he was not as vigorous and hale as ever. He bit his trembling lip and marched on.

"*Mon Dieu*" he muttered. "To think that age should come upon a man at such a time as this."

He heard at first that "the renegade," had landed upon French soil; then that "the Corsican adventurer" was pressing on toward Paris; finally that "General Bounaparte" had approached Grenoble. Thus rapidly did public sentiment change as the

hours passed. And old Michel, halting beside a wayside spring, plucked an early violet and placed it in his buttonhole.

The day's heat bore the old man down, as did the weight of the gun he had carried so far in years before. But he smiled as he staggered forward and his old heart glowed at the thought of the time, after Wagram, when *l'Empereur* had placed the little iron cross upon his breast.

The night fell; still Grenoble lay beyond. Michel tightened his belt as he had in many a campaign before, and pressed on.

That night was an eternity. He lost sight and feeling, while his weary feet moved mechanically beneath him. He lived only in the past and the memories of fierce battles, long marches, and lonely bivouacs were with him. But all—all inspired by one silent little man in a gray coat whose uncontrolled ambition and passions carried his soldiers out of themselves and made them forget life, and death, and all else in heaven or earth. And the spell of that man was on Michel Bounat now.

Toward dawn he passed through a sleeping village, without seeing it. Beyond, the road wound through unfenced fields and the weary feet sought the soft grass unconsciously. He stumbled on blindly and, beside a flower-covered knoll, sank to the cool, damp earth. His wrinkled face was pressed into the bed of wild flowers as he lay prone upon the earth. The shako had fallen from his head and the gun lay by his side.

The sun rose that morning, red and resplendent; the sun of a new era for France as well.

Napoleon, hurrying toward Paris, met his Old Guard, drawn up to receive him, at Grenoble. He came before them, wearing the familiar gray coat and cocked hat, and with those memorable words: "Soldiers, if there be one among you who would kill his Emperor, here he is."

And while the wild shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose to the sky, the odor of freshly crushed violets rose from the knoll by the pleasant roadside, and Michel Bounat, turning in his sleep, sighed and smiled again.



MARCH

Merry, roguish, rushing wind,
 O'er the tree tops hying,
 Ruffling face of sparkling stream,
 Thro' the dark wood flying;
 Frosty, keen and piercing wind,
 O'er dreary moorland sighing,
 Thou turnest rain to frozen tears
 Of grief for winter dying.

—Walter L. Greene.



THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS"*

BY JOSEPH L. FRENCH

IT has remained for the man without a country,—the Pole,—to write the great modern epic of Christianity.

The objectors to the moral purpose in art would long ago have crushed a weaker production. For to those to whom the message is still potent, it thrills through every page and dominates every scene—the power of the Christian revelation—whether by the force of direct presentment or equally by contrast.

The book comes to all Christian readers as a grand special plea for Christianity, presented by a literary genius of the highest order, at a time when the forces of liberal thought are being stirred to palpable purpose. When and where, indeed, has a love story so overpowering been offered to a Christian civilization in any guise? And the force of that love story as a message to civilization consists in the fact that it is a love inspired and consummated despite overwhelming obstacles only through the great mystic power of Christ.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GREAT STORY.

The story has its effective germ in the purest religious sources, and was doubtless

* The illustrations in this article are reproduced from the illustrated edition of "Quo Vadis" by the kind permission of Henryk Sienkiewicz's American publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

directly inspired by the author's stumbling across the little ancient chapel of "Quo Vadis, Domine," during one of his not infrequent visits to Rome. Sprung of a deeply religious race, it is more than likely that his musings among these ancient ruins with the chapel as the point of inspiration were the beginnings of "Quo Vadis." But more than imagination was required to write the book. We have no details at

hand as to the author's archaeological studies for the work, but the perfection of every scene in the book, the ease with which the most intricate details in the pictures of Roman life are handled, proclaim that they must have been incessant and severe. Flaubert was more than a decade in accumulating the lore which makes of "Salamambo" one of the great triumphs of realism. It is quite possible that the author of "Quo

Vadis" may have devoted the larger part of a dozen of his summers (which are often spent in Rome) to the same character of task.

As for the style, perhaps no better tribute could be paid than that the book reads as though the original were written in Latin. There is no trace of the inevitable mannerisms which occasionally mar for the English reader the pages of "With Fire



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.



THE CHAPEL OF QUO VADIS, DOMINE, ROME.

and Sword" and the other stories of Polish life.

It is almost invidious to make selections from the marvellous panorama of dramatic scenes which, strung together on the thread of the love story of Vinicius and Lygia constitute "Quo Vadis." Unforgettable is Vinicius' description in the house of Petronius of the first meeting of the lovers in the garden of Aulus. Equally likely to remain a fixed charm in the memory is the second meeting of the lovers in the same spot. The scenes of the amphitheatre, once read, are transfixed in the imagination. Such stories of blood, however repulsive they may be to the finer sense, have still an undeniable place in the category of all human interest. Doubly are they dear to the seed of the martyrs. The greatest picture on the canvas, the apotheosis of the panorama, is the tremendous combat of "Ursus and the Bull" toward the close of the narrative. The reader is swept out of himself, the Roman mob is forgotten. The senses are overpowered in the contrast between the awful strength of the Titan and his opponent and the unspeakable situation of the maiden. The crown of the book to the Christian reader who threads its crowded mazes with the single purpose in his soul is the apparition of Christ to Peter on the road from the awful city. This scene is ex-

tremely well handled by Howard Pyle in an illustration, although it contains feeling beyond expression to the believer,—and will almost take its place alongside like scenes from the New Testament.

"QUO VADIS" NOT A BOOK WITH A PURPOSE.

It is questionable whether Sienkiewicz had an avowedly religious purpose in writing this novel. He is a great literary artist, used to immense canvases, glaring and magnificent colorings, and a broad brush. He has, perhaps, made himself immortal as the historical painter in romance of the most picturesque period in the history of his own land. He has in the interim given us two recent novels dealing psychologically with the problems of modern life,



NERO'S CHAINED LIONS AND TIGERS.

Drawn by E. Van Muyden.

"Without Dogma" and "The Children of the Soil." The applause which his great trilogy commanded in Poland, the praise of native hearts, most dear to an author, doubtless stimulated him in the attempt to produce an important novel of modern life.

But a really great mind never long mistakes its mission. Hence we have in his latest work a return to the character of the Polish historical novel, which is unquestionably the foundation of the author's

claim on posterity, and "Quo Vadis" is the result.

The tremendous scene of the birth of Christianity, doubtless greater from the point of view of contrasts than any other in history, and certainly of infinite interest to the general mind of civilization, was a native and natural stimulus to the mind of a Roman Catholic steeped in centuries of the faith. It is a waste of valuable time to attempt to show in detail how an author

who has been seriously compared by the greatest living critics to Scott and Dumas has handled the theme. His Polish romances, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael," have sold steadily and well since the first English translation appeared in this country, some eight years ago; but not in sufficient quantities to be considered as even a prelude to the remarkable popularity "Quo Vadis" has achieved. Here is a story of the same general scope coming just long enough after "Ben Hur" to catch the American public, apparently breathless and waiting. That is the reasonable conclusion that the remarkable sale of over half a million copies in a little more than a year would attest.

Henryk Sienkiewicz (Sen-Kavitch) was born in 1845, at Wola



QUO VADIS, DOMINE?

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Okrejska, a small town in Lithuania, a province of Russia stretching between the Baltic Sea and Poland. He comes of an ancient and noble family, although he appears to have been personally without inheritance. The deep melancholy of his Lithuanian forests—a land of solemnity and sorrow—and the burden of his oppressed and disinherited people, seems to be the foundation stone of his genius.

SIENKIEWICZ ON A PACIFIC
COAST BROOK FARM.

Little is known of his life until he appears as a student at the University of Warsaw in the terrible year of 1863. His earliest literary work is a story of student life of this period, which, it is understood, he does not desire translated. At the age of 22 he became a veritable "Scholar-Gypsy," according to his own description of himself, and is believed to have actually joined a nomadic tribe. He wandered all over Europe, and nothing is heard of him till 1872, when his first published work appeared in the shape of a volume of sketches of peasant life. In 1877 success had not yet come to him, and he made one of a little band of Polish exiles who sailed from Havre for the coast of California, to found a colony for outcast genius. The scheme was Utopian, and so a failure, and the most that is known of it is that two of its survivors are Helena Modjeska, the well-known actress of our own country, and the author of "Quo Vadis." It is stated in this connection that Sienkiewicz even tried his hand at mining, but until some enterprising journalist shall have interviewed Mme. Modjeska, his American experiences

will be largely shrouded in mystery. That ours was the fruitful soil of his budding genius, however, is well authenticated. Stories and sketches based on his Californian experiences, published in a Polish journal, first attracted the attention of his native Warsaw to him. He was enabled, through



URSUS AND THE BULL.

Drawn by E. Van Muyden.

the good offices of a Polish patron, to return to his native land, and given some tangible opportunity to adopt literature as a profession. America may thus claim to have been the true nursery of his genius. In 1880 we find him the editor-in-chief of *Slovo*, a magazine in Warsaw, in which

during the same year he began the publication of "With Fire and Sword," the first of the great trilogy of historical novels on which his fame is built.

For eight years these were in course of production—each instalment being eagerly welcomed and acclaimed by all Poland.

These three works, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael," present, against an accurate historical background, the leading heroic characters of Polish history in the 17th century.

Stimulated by the applause of his countrymen, who had made of him the literary hero of the century, Sienkiewicz next attempted a modern novel. "Without Dogma," was well received by his Polish audience, but found no translator except the indefatigable Mr. Curtin.

"Quo Vadis" is the author's last great work. He is now nearly 53 years old, and may be regarded as at the summit of his powers, and the world waits for another historical romance in which all readers of European civilization can take an interest. Whether this desire will be gratified it is impossible to tell. The author is a man of most retiring disposition, and the quietest habits. He spends the winter months in Warsaw, which has been his home for 20 years, and the summer away, either in trav-



LYGIA AND VINICIUS IN THE GARDEN OF AULUS.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

el, of which he is still fond, or at a summer house in the Carpathian mountains. He has all the extreme sensitiveness of genius, despite the fact that his wanderings have approved him a true citizen of the world. A devout Catholic, the light of religion or of the morality which it inculcates shines through every page of his work. He is especially noteworthy as the creator of a series of types of lovely womanhood, which for strength and purity have been com-

pared to Shakespeare's own. These are founded on that ideal who was the Mother of God. And never once does he depart from it. This element alone will give an enduring character to his work. Married himself, shortly after his return from America his wife died, while his children, a boy of fifteen and a maid of thirteen, were still young.

So far as English readers are concerned, it is likely that no purpose of the original suffers seriously in the translations of Mr. Curtin. An American and an attaché to the embassy to St. Petersburg in the early eighties, he was soon attracted to Sienkiewicz, whom he has made a life study, and whose translation into English has been his real life work and a labor of love.

TYPES of RAILROAD TRAVELLERS

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Drawings by Louis F. Grant

NO less an authority than Chauncey M. Depew asserts that passenger railroad travel has reached its flood-tide. That is, the ratio per capita will never be increased to any appreciable extent. This will place the typical Uncle Rube and his "first trip on the 'kyars'" as something of a reminiscence. Railroad types are distinctively an American product, there being no other country where the people travel to so large an extent in proportion to population.

It may be safely asserted that during a twelve-month nearly every person is at one time or another upon a railroad train, and to the student of types this furnishes a favorable opportunity for observation. When one considers that this great tide of railway travel is the product of the last fifty years it becomes a still more interesting study. A scene with a stage coach is now historical, albeit human nature remains the same; the advent of railroads and railway travel has altogether revolutionized methods and manners of traveling. In the railway types of to-day we find the real alphabet of our modern life.

The good old sage of "Brantwood," Professor John Ruskin, is one of the living literary celebrities who has not become

fully adjusted to the new order of things. He calls out in the stentorian tones of a brakeman announcing a station,

"Railway traveling is not traveling at all; it is merely being sent to a place and very little different from becoming a parcel."

This may apply to a small portion of railway travelers, but Ruskin surely never

sat at a car window and drank in natural grandeur of the passing panorama of an American railway tour. His infatuation with the English lake district and its superb natural beauty has been disturbed by the piping shriek of the English locomotive, rushing from Furness Abbey toward Coniston Old Man. And yet in his benevolent goodness would Ruskin deny the great pleasure and inspiration of a visit to his charmed lake district, only made possible by the advent of the detested railway? European railway travel,

enclosed in boxed compartments, is one thing, and an American railway tour, in a spacious Pullman, another. The first has something of the nature of a parcel post, as Professor Ruskin says, but in American travel the tourists' opportunities for observation are of primary consideration.



THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SLEEPS.

THE EBB AND FLOW AT RAILWAY STATIONS.

There is always something impressive about the "limited" in the great railway station that distinguishes it from the plebeian suburban. The hand rails of the Pullman glisten like the proverbial "nigger's heel," and "George," the porter, stands at the steps of the vestibule like a veritable sentry of old,—in shining collar, cap and uniform. The conductor chats with him as they watch for the Pullman guests, who are easi-

faces of the white-headed children multiply, and there is always the confusion of keeping the luggage sorted out, and it happens even before the train leaves the station that something is desired from the bottom of the most inaccessible, underneath grip. The children industriously explore the mystery of the water tank and faucet—mother is busy—father, perhaps smoking on the platform or minding the more mischievous children. Out of the



TWILIGHT SCENE IN AN EXPRESS "SMOKER."

ly detected. The dark shadows of the trainshed throw a gloom over the scene. The regular routine of coupling has begun, and the brakeman "ducks" under the car to see that "all is well" until the final grip of air brakes indicates the determination to start. Passengers embarking on a long journey can be recognized by the luggage they carry and the way they carry it. There is more leisure about them than the rushing suburbanite laden with parcels in paper. In the tourist car, which is distinguished from the Pullman by the lack of upholstery,—families usually throng, and the healthy, happy

window the young man leans to talk with his mother, who can scarcely hold back the tears, as she thinks of the many miles that will soon separate them. The man with no friends to see him off is there, and he is finding comfortable and convenient places for the valises. The foreigner, with his little odd cap, and queer looking sack, his lunch of sausage,—the mother and the little daughter going to the new home ready for them in the West. Well, there is always pathos and humor in the tourist car. The passengers soon become neighborly after the first surveying glances.

The luxurious Pullmans are filling up. Each one passes in through the circuitous route, dodging about the smoking-room with upturned eyes searching for the number of his berth. The old gentleman and his wife are usually the first to arrive and settle themselves. They are enjoying the afternoon of life in touring. The timid young ladies with numerous bundles keep "George" busy stowing them away in the lockers. The typical traveling man curls up on the seat with his valises as a pillow and prepares to hibernate on a long journey. Yes, and the sleepy man is always there. On his elbows he leans his head. And even the bridal couple, with showers of rice coming from every source, are ever present, and objects of marked interest since the advent of Mr. Howells' "Wedding Journey."

The smoking-room is now the resort of the young husbands—married one year and upwards. All the occupants puff, and puff. Then the conventional ice-breaker.

"What time do we get into Omaha?" The inquirer knows the time, but there is no other way to so easily approach a friendship as in asking advice or a proper question—except possibly asking a ticket clerk what time the six o'clock train leaves. The air brakes continue to work up a circulation for the plunge and the ship is ready to weigh anchor, and by the time the yard limits are passed, the porter has placed an array of towels in the dressing room. The smokers are deep in a discussion of crops, religion, the weather, and politics. The match box has been passed and Pullman's plush feels the soft footprints of the traveler. After the opening ceremonies of a drink of ice-water, the smoking-car contingent are well acquainted for the trip. The high back seat between the sections of the car proper precludes the spontaneous acquaintanceship, and the ladies array themselves with magazines, sewing, crocheting, and a careful inspection of the fruit basket; in fact, all little nothings are utilized to take up the time. Early to bed is the rule on sleeping cars. "George" is bombarded with requests for making up berths before the Pintsch lights are fairly ablaze. Then he starts in like Abjeeb, the chess wonder, a human machine. Every

motion is measured, and pillows, blankets and curtains are thrown together automatically. After the tented row is quiet, and shoes, large and small, peep out beneath the curtains, Morpheus reigns supreme. The smoking apartment contingent begin to move after a volley of yarns have been exchanged; watches are wound, and the eternal glass of ice-water taken again. "George" turns down the lights and sets the "trade winds" in motion from the ventilators, and prepares for his snooze in the deserted smoker.

All is quiet at 9 p. m.

Except possibly—

The roar from the "lower ten" that comes out with awful emphasis when the train stops.

Slumber and sleep—to the old traveler the sleeping car berth is like a cradle. And in this one idea George M. Pullman achieved greatness and a fortune. He simply transplanted the luxurious furnishings, brass trimmings, plate glass and polished wood finish on board ships to the railway cars. A simple idea, but it meant millions—to him.

ROUTINE ON AN "OVERLAND LIMITED."

The next day's routine is the same. Even twenty-four hours is now a long time for busy people not to have something specific to do. The old gentleman and his wife are like two children in their attentiveness. He talks religion with a neighboring passenger, whose shaven upper lip suggests a clergyman, and about noon personal affairs are ventured upon between passengers. The bridal couple, bless them, are oblivious of all else. The groom does not go into the smoking-room. There is too much happiness in the light of honeymoon. Such happy pictures are too rare to satirize.

Of course, there is the baby,—not that abused personage,—spoken of by flippant paragraphers, but a sweet little one whose bright eyes are always open with wonderment. There is usually the gentleman in the seat behind who pokes his fingers at the baby and tries to create the impression that he is quite used to babies at home.

The sleepy man in the corner wakes up and yawns during the day,—otherwise he sleeps; the young lady is writing letters

and studying the railroad folder; the traveling man is always ready to entertain his companion with a jolly story in the smoking-room. It does not require acute observation to discern in the general talk and demeanor the occupation or profession of each passenger, although it may never be told in so many words. "George," too, has studied his people, and long ago computed his "tips," from the ten cent millionaire to the \$1 groom.

The day passes before it is realized in viewing the passing scenes, eating, reading and sleeping. There are necessarily leaden moments, but if it is the first trip there is always an interest in realizing that you are actually in places read about in the wild West; positively on the plains where the bison and Indians once held sway.

Railroads are the greatest factors in the commercial and industrial, as well as scientific achievements, of the age. There is no industry that is not more or less dependent upon these arteries of commerce. Through them has radiated the greatest development of the West. They have builded cities on many of the spots which the red man first chose as a rendezvous and trading post. The railroads have brought together the material for the commercial alchemist to make his gold, and to-day the one great absorbing and vital problem in trade is cheaper, still cheaper transportation, as was once told me by the president of a great transcontinental railway system.

THE DAY EXPRESS TRAIN.

The few hours on an express train between large commercial cities always

brings out its full quota of railroad types. In the mail car there is the fallow, thin-faced, hard-working clerk in apron and U. S. service cap, with his hopper filled with mail. The express messenger roosts close to his little iron safe, and with a big blue pencil checks his way bills "over or short" and makes up long "runs." The red, printed way-bills indicating money packages are always first in his mind. The baggage man, big and bluff, strong as an ox,—rolls the big trunks in the corners as

easily as if they were band-boxes. It is all in the "motion," he says, as he shoots out the monster "samples" and "Saratogas" on the trucks at the station. He peers out of the side door, leaning on the sill, after the trunks are all out, in the most approved and universal fashion common to the brotherhood of baggagemen. To this brotherhood Walt Whitman's devoted and most intimate friend, Peter Doyle, belongs, and is proud of the "run" he has into Boston to-day.

In the smoker there is stifling atmosphere.

The double seats are nearly always occupied for a game of "whist" in the East, "cinch" in the middle West, and "poker" on the Pacific. The artist has given us a vivid picture of a scene in the smoker at gray twilight. There is generally a contrast of characters in the game. The young traveling man who plays with his hat set back on his head, cigar in his mouth, the smoke filling his eyes; the calm, sedate business man of the old school, with whiskers; the up-to-snuff lawyer with his silk tile, and the other—well, there is always one "problem" in the quartette. The spectators, leaning over the seat and in the aisle, are evidently as much interested as

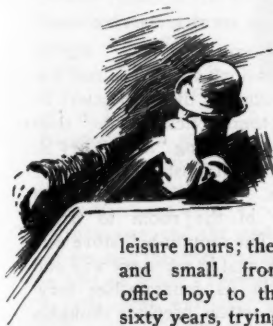


"GEORGE IS ALWAYS BUSY AT EIGHT O'CLOCK."

the players themselves. The newsboy (aged 40 and upwards) has his chest and supplies in the forward seats, and studies out each trip through the train with the precision of a military campaign, making a close study of the personality of each prospective customer. In the day coach there is a listless, curious stare all along the aisle as you enter. Ladies, young and old,—all seemingly wrapped in their own thoughts,—are propped up at all angles in the seats and well barricaded in racks above and floor below with parcels and wraps. The parlor car is supposed to have a more exclusive air and better atmosphere,—but it does not. The revolving chairs are whirled about and the “exclusive” are supposed to be immersed in high-class literature and magazines. An occasional conversation,—if two acquaintances are together,—but nearly always the occupants are as solitary in themselves as an assortment of traveling statues. There is simply a pretence at luxury and ease in the high-back, upholstered chairs, and here, as elsewhere, the order of the day appears to be nap,—another nap,—every one caught napping at one time or another, except the industrious news agent.

A SUBURBAN TRAIN THE KINETOSCOPE.

The rush from five to seven p. m. and from seven to ten p. m. from the suburban tide is so rapid that we can only get a kinetoscope glance. There is a scurry that hardly permits one to get a glance at features of the passers-by. The swift, the moderate and the slow walkers make a singular medley in the flow of the tide. Early afternoon trains, filled with ladies with paper parcels; later, the professional men of



leisure hours; then, the clerks, big and small, from the chirping office boy to the staid man of sixty years, trying to read his pa-

per in a space of six inches square; the girls and women,—tired and listless; in each face is printed the expression, “how glad I’ll be to get home!”

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN AND WAY STATIONS.

Have you never enjoyed the luxury of an “accommodation,” or way-freight?

Then you have missed the most interesting of railway types. This train cares for the travel between small towns or “way stations.” There is none of the settled, genteel air of the express or limited, and the hubbub in leaving and entering the cars is always a babel. The travelers usually come in groups and there is a buzz of sociability and conversation. At each station, the brakeman, after his second elocutionary announcement, braces open the door, letting in a volume of cold air and smoke, and religiously guards the steps of the coach, because all passengers must leave the car before any are allowed to enter. There is the group of school girls—bright, piquant maidens—no chaperon needed. They are laughing over some recent joke, and have just so much hand-waving to make through the windows to those on the platform as the train leaves. The business man talks until the last second before stepping on the train. The farmer is there, who has “been to the county seat on business,” or arranged a good deal for milk, stock or grain. The regiment of boys comes swooping in. And then, alas, there are in the smoker those smart young fellows who take sly sips from a bottle and grow hilarious. Drunkenness on trains is one of the most pathetic sights to be seen, but, thank heaven, it is becoming more rare each year.



The passengers on the way train are those who travel little or much—two extremes. The shy, country boy or girl; the sweet old lady with fresh folded handkerchief and little black bonnet and shawl. There is something refreshing in it all after the blasé and "traveled" airs maintained by tourists.

THE DINNER AND LUNCH STATIONS.

In these days, when it only requires ninety hours from coast to coast by rail, the dining car has become an essential, as well as a luxury, and will become more so when the prices are made within the reach of persons of moderate means. Of course, there is sometimes a "canned fruit" flavor, but the dinner is, nevertheless, a crowning achievement in American railway travel. Plenty of water, "ice water again," and the timid young lady studies the high prices, or the "\$1 per meal," in a frightened way. The diner is perhaps the best point for surmising occupations of passengers. There is even a peculiarity in eating, distinctive of each trade and profession. The jolly, heavy-set conductor, with a big watch charm, in the rear seat of the diner, does not look so military with his uniform cap off, revealing a well-polished bald head. The waiters dance about for the prospect of the imported European tips, and come rushing with their tray as if they had been on a steady run all the way from Texas. The dining car conductor bows you out and stands guard over the wine chest. You have dined and now it is dodge back—to snooze and nap again. Occasional stops are made to change engines at a lunch station, and there is a swarm from the emigrant car and the day coaches with cans and mugs for "coffee." Others venture on a hurried munch at the traditional sandwich, a piece of chicken, or a hard-boiled egg. This is the contrast to the diner, and, who says that they are not equally well satisfied? Hunger has been appeased. The American railroad lunch was one of the things which enlisted the interest of Charles Dickens on his visit to this country in connection with his study of American character.

THE BELATED TRAIN AND EXPRESSIONS.

There are the same hackneyed expressions when the train is belated.

"When will we get in?"

"How late we are!"

"What was the matter?"

"Will I connect with the South End Ferry?"

The questions in one breath are fired at the brakeman, who has pulled his cap over his eyes and settled down in the usual train fashion for a moment to catch his voice before calling out the next station. The newsboy plies his fruit more vigorously and his reading matter less as the train loses time; chewing gum is the last reserve. Once late and a succession of mishaps continues until three hours have elapsed and the train becomes an "outlaw," and has no more rights which yardmen and dispatchers are bound to respect. And with trucks, drivers and cow-catcher covered with snow and ice, the engine steams into the trainshed like a steamer into port. There is a distinction in the sound of a locomotive bell coming into the station. The puffy, little suburban or the piquant express train have none of the dignity of the through train. Each passenger is well ballasted with valises, leaving the cars, and, the dress suit case is ever present, but perhaps minus the dress suit. The transfer agent looks after the group of wandering foreigners and emigrants, and they are soon ensconced in the waiting-room with their contraptions, while the coach and sleeper occupants hurry on to carriage and street car. In a short time the belated train is forgotten, except by the U. S. mail official, who proceeds to impose the fine for belated mails. The end of the journey is a scene full of suggestions as to the mission of each passenger.

"BEWARE THE FURY OF THE WAITING MAN."

Waiting for a train in a "way" station is one of the occasions where the real nature of the individual is likely to assert itself. The monotonous tick of the telegraph instrument in calling "A. R." or "R. V." continues like the babbling brook—forever and ever. A cough now and then from occupants of the room to break the monotony. The cannon-ball stove eats up the soft, black coal in a hungry way and grows red-hot in its fountain-like fury. The arms on the settees preclude thoughts

of a nap. The waiting passengers move about, studying the various posters and placards on the wall, announcing the "air line," "through cars," showing views of steamers and railways. The announcements are all upon the one subject and the "harvest excursion" handbill looks lonesome in the dead of winter. Busy hands have made pencil notations on the placards, changing the conventional phraseology of the railroad poster into some ludicrous manifesto. The very seconds seem to drag. In the corner are a young mother and three or four children, the smallest a baby in arms. They are put to sleep in the best way possible, tired out from a long day's wait at the junction—and it always seems to be these unfortunates who are on the wrong train to "make connections." They are now asleep, but baby wakes with a start. The young mother tries to soothe it as the other passengers, trying to sleep in a sitting posture, scowl in that direction. The little one refuses to be comforted—finally the mother realizes that her child is very ill. Who can realize the feelings and suspense of a mother traveling with a sick babe, unable to give it the comforts of a home? The other children are aroused to help her provide for the sick child. The travelers, led by some kind-hearted person, are one by one interested, and sympathize. A doctor is sent for. Water is heated on the little cannon stove. The operator throws open his quarters—a temporary bed is provided for the little sufferer, but the mother cannot allow the child out of her arms. The life and death struggle is brief, and the roar of the belated train drowns the wails and piteous cries—the little one died. The passengers went

on their way, and the tender-hearted operator assisted the grief-stricken young mother as best he could. Perhaps he was a father. A little coffin was taken with them on the next train. Oh, the grief that is hidden on

the railway train. How many are hastening on a death message and how tears stand in many eyes which continue steadfastly looking out the window! There, a young husband and his babe—the mother sleeping in the baggage car. Perhaps the young sister; wife or brother is brought back from the sunny South or West, where they went a few months before to fight the stern battle against consumption. Life's most pathetic incidents are mingled one way or another with the tide of railway travel. There is sunshine and shadow upon the picture.

The wreck! No, let us stop before we contemplate its horrors, although in those terrible moments and crises heroes assert themselves.

SKETCHES OF THE MEN IN RAILWAY SERVICE.

The official statistics show that there are fewer people killed in railway travel, proportionately, than meet death in falling out of a wagon or runaway accidents. Indeed, fewer people are killed in railway accidents than the fatalities recorded by falling out of a window or merely walking on the street. The phenomenal safety of modern railway travel is not a mere matter of chance. It can best be explained in the "ounce" of precaution taken in the almost perfect systems adopted, as well as in the training and character of the men employed in the railway service. The discipline is military in its

exactness and American railway types would be quite incomplete without a sketch of the trainmen and the manner of life they lead.

The plan of promotion and a civil service system is more perfectly adopted in the railway service than in any other commercial

pursuit. Of the president and officials it is not necessary to say much, as they are usually well known to the public, and, as a rule, present the very best talent in their respective lines that can be secured



A POPULAR POSTURE FOR NAPPING.

by a tempting salary. The passenger agent is usually the most popular, for obvious reasons. His signature on the pasteboards is always a magic note. The division superintendent is a man who has usually risen from the ranks. He sleeps with an eye open and rarely gets beyond the hearing of ticker or telephone. A man of emergency and executive ability—he knows his division—and the one thing that hangs over him like a pall, night and day, is “trouble on the line.” The road-master, train-master, master mechanic, wipers, and “section men” all have their important responsibilities and functions, and are required to “report” every detail, no matter how trivial, so that a complete record is kept of the workings of every part of the system. The spare, thin-faced operator, or dispatcher, who has a “trick” or a turn at the train sheet, must keep close watch on all moving trains and make “meeting points” for trains running in opposite directions. It may be of interest to know that this system originated some years ago with a young operator named Andrew Carnegie, who has since become one of America’s best-known millionaires. The operator generally writes a beautiful hand, even if he is not always precisely literary in his abbreviations and capitalization. His fingers apparently become a part of the key and the character of the sender is often detected in the peculiar way the dots and dashes flash over the wire. Operators are placed in charge of “way” stations and junction points, and are expected to be as handy in janitor work and checking baggage as in taking a train order.

MEN OF ALL TEMPERAMENTS REQUIRED.

Railroads demand men of all characteristics and temperaments. The different types of conductors are an interesting study. The little wiry, nervous man, the large, portly, jovial fellow with a smile; the sallow and dyspeptic, but strictly business gentleman; characteristics as distinct as their punches, but each one necessary for the requirements of a single run. It is the fitting selection of men that makes the ideal train-master. The bluff, way freight conductor with the big book of way-bills in

his hip pocket, always in a hurry to get the tissue “orders” and “pull out.” The most hazardous task in railroading is perhaps that of the brakemen and switchmen. The very dangers have a fascination for the boys in Kentucky jeans. From the ranks of the brakemen come the thorough railroad men. Running along on the icy tops of a freight train at night, dodging in between the cars to make a coupling on a flying switch, or “setting out” empties; with their lanterns they rush along, jump on and off the moving cars to throw a switch; muffled up for the roughest weather—a stubby mustache—a ruddy face—these are the men who meet ever present danger without flinching. At a hurried lunch they talk over the “old man’s” orders and how many “loads” they have; and what a run old “47” made for Cannon’s Hill. The engineer, usually portly, silent, ever alert, his eyes always ahead, and with oil can and torch, comes out of the cave-like cab and feels the hubs of his drivers with the back of his hand, his pockets filled with waste and around his neck a red handkerchief. The fireman keeps the “handle of the front door” well polished, like Sir Joseph Porter, with an eye always on the steam gauge, preparing for heavy grades. In ringing the well-polished brass bell he acquires an unconscious motion and gives the regular hand salute to passing locomotion. The open fire door and a gloved hand on the chain show his care in saving fuel and making a record even in saving “waste,” which will look well in the master mechanic’s reports. The railroad men are nearly always jolly and good-natured, and, although away from home a good deal of the time, are really domestic in character. Many of the watches have inside, the likeness of a loved one at home.

The railway system provides for every emergency, and it is largely due to this thorough organization that the public are so admirably protected in safe travel.

American railway service is not equalled in the world to-day and in the American Railway Types—travelers as well as train men—there is reflected the comprehensive scope of our national life during the closing days of the 19th century.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA TO-DAY

BY ELBERT B. HASTINGS



A UNIQUE struggle for freedom of a handful of people who have defied, except in so far as the partial necessity for firearms is concerned, all the adventitious aids of modern civilization, is the spectacle which has been presented to a more or less indifferent world for three years past in Cuba. The main features of that spectacle have united, as probably no other strife of the irresponsible kind that is called guerrilla warfare has ever done, all the elements that go to make up a picture of the sufferings of an oppressed people, who have risen in defense of common human privileges. And all this at the end of the nineteenth century, with this independent nation as an onlooker! It is a reasonable moral view of the situation that would regard Maceo and his men very much as an enlightened public sentiment in Europe has since our own struggle looked upon Washington and his handful of "Continentalists." From the standpoint of human rights, the cause is intrinsically the same.

The Insurgents, living, so far as the necessities of life are concerned, almost like a band of savages, have fought against a powerful, albeit decaying dynasty with the fire of incipient patriotism in their souls; a great rising hope for the country

they were to inhabit, the homes they were to build when peace should again settle upon the land.

There is an elemental grandeur in the struggle of a handful of patriots who have forced themselves to live without houses and to subsist for the most part on the natural products of the soil (destroying and denying themselves food that their oppressors might suffer), to whom the sky has usually afforded a tent, and the forest sustenance, that is lacking in even the greatest pictures of civilized war.

The expression of a national sentiment from the standpoint of human rights has never gone further in the United States than the voicing of a general feeling for the oppressed, which is simply the impromptu echo in the breasts of a people born to or nurtured under the benefits of republican freedom.



GLIMPSE OF THE PLANTATION OF MEJORANA,
Where the present insurrection was first planned by Gomez and Maceo.

General popular interest in the struggle of the Cubans reached its culmination in the United States about a year ago. At

that time there was a strong national sentiment which voiced itself in a cry of help from several sections of the country, and, while the exact facts will never be known,

ceptions, the largest, and, without any exception, the richest in natural resources of any island in the world. The population is less than a million and a half. Its or-



ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE LOWER CUBAN CLASS.

it is probable that more than a dozen filibustering expeditions were sent out from our Southern coasts. Cuban fairs were held in all our chief cities, which, while they did not meet with overwhelming popular favor, yet added more or less substantially to the fund for the patriot cause. The cry in favor of the oppressed has never been so strong and bold as it might have been at a more virginal period of our republican life.

It requires no extreme stretch of the imagination to picture Andrew Jackson addressing with stirring words a band of volunteers gathered in front of the White House of sixty years ago, and waiting only his blessing to march to the cause of freedom. It is easy to conceive that the situation would have provoked just such a ready response in our breasts in a more heroic time.

* * * * *

The island of Cuba, called from old time the Queen of the Antilles, is, with two ex-

ception, the largest, and, without any exception, the richest in natural resources of any island in the world. The population is less than a million and a half. Its ordinary annual revenue in time of peace is one hundred and thirty millions, of which Spain has for a number of years taken one-half. The cultivators and producers of this wealth, which has been under the control of Spain since shortly after Columbus discovered the islands adjacent, are a mixed race of Spanish and negro blood, with a small infusion from the native Indian tribe. As is within the knowledge of every schoolboy, the descendants of the all-conquering Spaniard of the 16th century, less than one hundred years ago, still held dominion over a small handful of South American provinces. The last of these, Peru, cast off her yoke in 1820, at the same time that Mexico, the brightest gem in the crown of Cortes, also declared herself free.

For the same causes that incited these provinces to revolt, namely, the continued oppressive taxation of the paternal government, Cuba, which groaned with them

under the yoke, had also made corresponding efforts to free herself. But the conditions of her comparative isolation and of her undeniable and abundant richness as compared with any other of the Spanish possessions in America, only incited Spain to tighten her grip upon her. The struggle, whose final culmination is undoubtedly the next page of history for Cuba, is in reality more than a century old. The fathers of the present contestants, even unto the third and fourth generation, have been engaged in the same warfare for common human rights.

In the breasts of a century of the people of Cuban soil has throbbed and surged the same passion for independence, a passion whose fires one cannot doubt have been fed by the spectacle of the gradual unbinding of the shackles of labor the world over. The island has been in a semi-rebellious condition for more than fifty years. A guerrilla warfare lasting over a decade, and called the Ten Years' War, smoldered and was allowed to die under the dishonest avowals of Spain some twenty years ago. The present outbreak, which began in the

spring of 1895, is the most important in point of force and purpose, in the character of the struggle the Insurgents have successfully maintained, not only in the history of Cuba, but in the record of the uprisings for independence during the 19th century at least.

Some account of the general character of the people who have been engaged in this struggle and of the political and economic conditions of the island, is timely in this connection:

Police espionage is carried to an extreme in the island, but in spite of the utmost watchfulness of this sort every Spaniard knows that when the country is apparently most peaceful there are always in progress preparations for insurrection. So firm is this conviction that for many years there has existed an ordinance prohibiting the meeting and talking together of more than two men in any place of public resort, for fear that sedition will be the topic under discussion. But despite the most intricate system of policing and government regulation of every detail of life, official, commercial, and private, there



A TYPICAL SCENE FROM A CUBAN SUGAR-CANE FIELD.

has never been the least apparent difficulty on the part of conspirators in maturing one plan after another, and they have evidently succeeded in securing and hiding guns, ammunition, and dynamite as far as their meagre supply of money has been able to go towards such purchases. The impracticability of using ships of their own has made it necessary to import these stores in hundreds of underhand and more or less ingenious ways, but so miserable a system

of custom-house inspection as Cuba is provided with is outwitted rather easily.

In the wild mountains of eastern Cuba the rebels meet, and here, safe from any fear of discovery, they have had their arsenals ready against the day when "Viva Cuba!" was to be cried once more in the palm-dotted plains below.

With the end in view of hampering the movements of an always-to-be-considered enemy, Spain has discouraged the building of railways, excepting a few absolutely necessary ones in the more loyal provinces, and a few very short lines further eastward, and every passenger train has always a squad of armed and uniformed men aboard. Perfectly aware of the rebels' ability to invade and completely occupy the interior, her policy has been to allow them to do so, while herself holding, as she easily can, all the money and commercial centres, and devoting her efforts mainly to guarding the coast as far as possible against filibustering expeditions of importance,—since here lies her chief danger.

It is rather surprising, nevertheless, that a hundred or so half-clad, ill-armed, undisciplined men could arise, three years ago, within fifty miles of two large, garrisoned cities, Santiago and Manzanillo,



CUBAN TYPE—LOWER CLASS.

raid the whole locality, burning cane fields, looting plantation groceries and the dwelling houses of large estates, gathering food, arms, horses and ammunition, attracting to their ranks increasing numbers of recruits, cutting telegraph and telephone lines,—and all this with not a motion of opposition from the troops of the vicinity or the everywhere-present mounted guardias civiles, or rural gens d'arm. It is beyond question that a reasonably efficient governing power, sup-

ported as it would be by the wealthy planters and peaceable laborers then in their busiest season of work, could have crushed such an uprising. But to do this presupposes a wise government, and it may be conjectured that under such a government there would not have existed the conditions leading to this rebellion.

The Insurgents are of a different type from the Havanese and the planter. Illiterate, poor, and wretched as they are in their rank and file, from some quarter there has descended into them a dash of something approaching boldness and enterprise. They are light, active, easily excitable, and receptive of the enthusiasm of their leaders. Every Cuban is a rider from the day he is old enough to climb, and in the savannas graze hundreds of wiry little ponies that he knows how to work more miles out of on less fodder and with less care than any other man, unless it might be a plains Indian. He knows every bridle path through the guava tangles,—every "guarda rayo" through the cane fields,—and can ride by starlight over a waste, bushy savanna, cross-hatched with cattle and pony tracks, straight to his little palm-thatched bohio, always striking the proper breaks in the barbed-wire fences, and

would laugh at the notion of losing his way anywhere.

The Cuban of the cities, while his sentimental sympathy is of course with his country cousin, and while he might, when carried away by a prospect of immediate victory, become a factor in the final overthrow of the Spaniard, is for the most part willing to leave the fighting to Manuel and "Taquito of the cane field, the charcoal burner and the cane harvester.

Starting from a plantation council of war on the estate of Mejorana, in the province of Puerto Principe, on the evening and far into the night of April 19th, 1895, the leaders, Gomez, Marti and Maceo, advanced the next morning with a force of about 1,700 men. Little was done except to harass the government at one or two important points of occupation till the following October, when the Insurgent party, with an organized provisional government and an army by this time amounting to 5,000 men, proclaimed war openly and began its march across the richest part of the island, with Havana as the objective point. This was a slow movement, and ample preparations were given Campos for defence (although extermination was of course his avowed purpose). It is stated that by the time the Cubans had reached a point within 100 miles of Havana, where they defeated Campos in ambush with 11,000 Spanish soldiers, they had met and routed successively parts of a Spanish army whose effective strength was 100,000 men. It is impossible in the space allotted to this article to enter into the details which prove these surprising results. As the outcome of ten months' more or less straggling warfare, Campos was whipped, and the aristocrats at Havana and the government at home realized that the struggle was not to be laughed down. Weyler, who was sent out from Spain as the successor of Campos, soon inaugurated a campaign which proved anew his right to the popular title of "The Butcher." After a year's futile struggle, he has been re-

called and Blanco substituted in his stead. Spain has expended in the struggle some four hundred millions of dollars, and has employed more than 200,000 soldiers. With an expensive revolt in the Philippines on her hands at the same time, her treasury is exhausted. Her loans have been refused by European powers.

A patriotic loan of eighty millions was raised with great difficulty last year. Another one seems to be her only resource. And yet it is impossible to tell how so old, so proud, and once so powerful a nation may be able to right herself in the situation. She has lately humbled herself to accept charitable contributions for the starving *reconcentrados* from the United States, where general popular sentiment has always been against her.

* * * * *

Autonomy has of late received very serious consideration at the hands of the Spanish leaders in Cuba as the best solution of the problem, and an autonomist cabinet has been formed in Havana. But the Insurgents, who control the same territory they



PLANTATION FORT AT ST. ANNA.

occupied a year ago, who have set up a government with a capital, enacted some laws (even of a social character, as one relating to marriage), opened schools, and otherwise proved their opportunity to govern at least part of the island, still stoutly declare that all such proposals were at an



VIEW OF THE SICITO DISTRICT, WHICH HAS BEEN OVERRUN BY THE INSURGENTS.

end when their last struggle ended in 1878. The envoy of Gen. Blanco, Col. Joachin Ruiz, who was recently sent to the Insurgent Chief's Camp, was promptly shot after a court martial. The Insurgent force of 35,000 men is now disciplined and determined; and it seems to be equal to any force whatever that Spain can command, or any military manœuvre that she can invent, as has been amply proved in the three years' work under Campos and Weyler. Opposition to the autonomist movement in Havana has resulted lately in riots, in which the headquarters of American Consul General Lee have been seriously threatened.

As further trouble, especially considering the determined attitude of the Insurgents, is expected, the Atlantic squadron has been ordered by the government of the United States to rendezvous at Key West, which is within six hours by steam of Havana. This fleet is said to be actually superior to the entire naval resources of Spain. From the situation in Havana, and especially from the attitude of Gen. Weyler at home, who seems to be still regarded as some kind of a demi-god by a considerable

proportion of the Spanish populace, and who is making desperate efforts to overthrow the present ministry and establish a cabinet founded on his own tyrannical formula, it is considered quite possible that our naval forces may, even before the next number of the "National Magazine" reaches our readers, be called upon to directly menace the power of Spain as vested in the island of Cuba. The situation there has become a status quo, out of which serious disturbances may with reason be expected to break at any moment, and that the strong hand of what the nations of the world have long looked upon as the natural arbitrator in the controversy may be stretched forth at any moment seems not unlikely.

An incident, whose immediate effect was to throw both nations into a commotion for a few days, was the destruction of the United States cruiser *Maine* in the harbor of Havana on the night of February 15th last. This was on the surface of things the most disquieting event of the kind that had occurred to the United States since the beginnings of national history. The cruiser, a battleship of the second class,

was blown up and sunk, and some 250 lives were lost. Speculation as to the real cause of this horror is rife at the time that this is written. This much can be ventured with regard to the truth. It was certainly either an accident pure and simple, or the almost unaccountable act of some one or more Spaniards, whose feelings against the United States, culminating in the De Lome affair, could no longer be restrained. The resignation of Senor Dupuy De Lome, the Spanish minister to the United States, was, undoubtedly, if we are obliged to look for a moral cause, the real incitement to this deed. The character and attitude of the Spanish temper (I might, perhaps, better say temperament) were sufficiently exploited in the late De Lome incident. The discovery of a maligning letter written from the seat of government by the minister of Spain and intended, as was clearly shown, to strongly influence a maker of public opinion in Madrid at a particular crisis, is sufficient evidence that the Spaniard cannot control his temper and that when he gets into this condition he will resort to underhand methods. The spectacle of De Lome leaving our shores within five days, trembling, guarded by detectives and with but a single friend to bid him a good-by, is a living tribute to the strength of our national honor.

* * * * *

The character of the Spaniard, while stern and proud, is undeniably crafty and cunning. The national sentiment, which is rabidly reflected at Havana, has for a long time been overwrought. Popular demonstrations against this nation have taken place at Madrid and other large Spanish cities, and quite recently there have been more or less serious outbreaks in Havana, in which the integrity of the United States consulate was threatened. The presence of the first of our great battleships in the harbor of the capital of the island was an offence in the eyes of a large element not to be condoned, and one which government influence was powerless to soften. Such is the character, for carelessness and stupidity of Spanish military authority, that the destruction of the Maine, by individuals under the very eyes of Campos is conceivable. However we may endeavor

to account for the explosion, the incident will undoubtedly go down in history as a black spot on the dubious pages of a decaying nation—one which in the fierce light of progress, at the end of this nineteenth century is revealed as only just about half-civilized.

We are a nation of peace. More than any community since the beginnings of the history of the world have we grown great by the arts which make for peace. Our armament has been the scoff of third-rate European powers. Our standing army is a mere handful. Our navy barely respectable in size and equipment. Our whole attitude and history, the very stones on which we are founded, are a testimony against strife between man and his brother. But there is a standard of polity upholding the nations among whom we have taken our place that cannot be disregarded, and if Spain is unable to maintain this standard in the present situation, the duty appears to have been thrust upon the United States of forcing her to do so. It is to be hoped that war may be avoided, but the Spaniard has pretty nearly proved himself in the present crisis, both on account of his impotent and awful conduct of matters in Cuba, and his equally impotent and insolent attitude toward the United States, unfit to be treated with as an equal till he has been taught a lesson.

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The independence of Cuba, sooner or later, is certain. It has been overtaxed and misgoverned to an extent which makes re-establishment of amicable relations between the home government and its colony more and more impossible every year. To hold Cuba at all, now, requires the very means which work for its alienation.

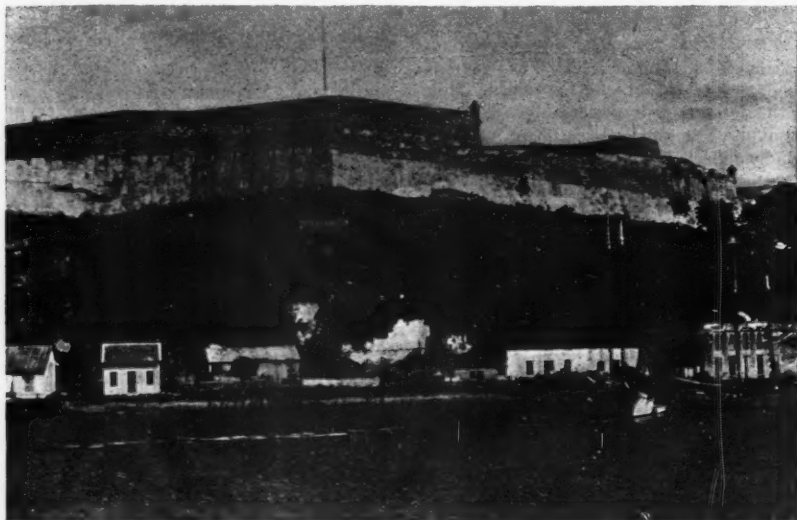
If the dominion of Spain in Cuba is broken in the present rebellion, a conclusion to which facts point unmistakably now, the island will be left at its close in a condition of bankruptcy. Should the Cuban republic become a fact, the affairs of the people have been reduced to such a state of chaos that when the last captain-general leaves on the last Spanish gunboat, there will be in store a period of domestic anarchy until the variously mingled elements of wealth and poverty, education and

brutish ignorance, and races black, brown, and white have settled into the slower, cooler interactions which would be best worked out without that further admixture of antagonistic character which American annexation would inevitably introduce. The duty of this country in the premises is plainly the assumption of paternal authority. We must restore cruel and unruly Spain to a sense of her duty and national honor, while we extend to the young republic of Cuba that protective strength which we have ourselves won as a self-governed people. While the news at the time this is written is that suspecting treachery, our government has promptly assumed a defensive attitude, it is still to be prayed for that no serious disturbance will arise. Certain significant facts which have just been reported from Washington, however, make it seem probable that we are closer to a disruption of friendly relations with a foreign power than for the past quarter of a century.

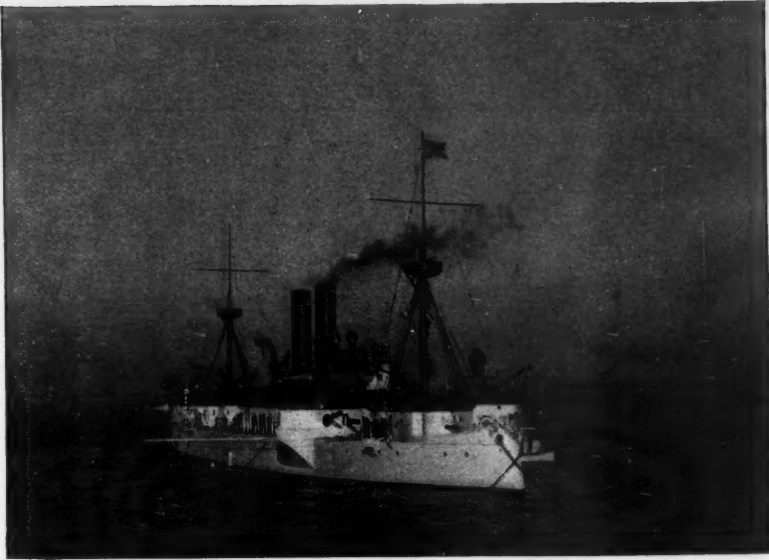
All available fortifications on our coasts have been ordered garrisoned and supplied with ammunition and the troops are moving as this is written. The denial by the general of the army that this is a sud-

den move, may be only designed to quiet national apprehension. It is certainly significant that the order should have been issued two days after the Maine was blown up. The approach of the Spanish battleship, the "Viscaya," to New York, on what was advised as a friendly visit, has thrown that city of many and diverse elements into a fever which has necessitated the intervention of extra police authority.

The attitude of the authorities at Washington in refusing to accept the proffer of Spain to assist in the investigation of the catastrophe is *prima facie* evidence that our government has, perhaps, for some time doubted the probity of Spain. Meanwhile, our authorities maintain a very cautious position in the expression of opinions for publication. It is not utterly a figment of the imagination which sees the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon. And yet, considering the fact that we have to deal with a crafty nation which cannot let go of almost the last of her once noble circle of possessions without a pang, the attitude of the United States is only a natural and common sense position from which, unless some decisive



VIEW OF THE CABANAS WITHIN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



THE BATTLESHIP MAINE, WHICH WAS RECENTLY BLOWN UP IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

declaration is made by Spain, nothing whatever serious need be apprehended. It is to be hoped that there is the wisdom that always lurks in an old head, in the ancient monarchy of Spain, despite her obvious shortcomings as a progressive nation. That such an incident as the blowing up of the Maine is no part of her policy and that, even if the case is proven and indemnity is demanded, it will peaceably be paid. That the situation will reach its natural conclusion in the ceding to Cuba

of the right to govern herself in the near future seems however inevitable. Spain is torn at home with internal dissensions, her treasury is exhausted, and, in the shadow of the powerful spirit of the United States as the natural arbitrator in the struggle between herself and her bleeding dependency, let us hope she will continue to remain, so far as any decisive national aggression is concerned, sufficiently sensible to entirely withdraw her claims on Cuba.

TO THE WAR GOD.

Alas! how long, grim-visag'd War,
Wilt thou disturb the peace of earth
With visions of a bloody field,
Of fathers, sweethearts, sons a dearth?

Alas! how long, thou monster hoar,
Wilt cause unrest to crowned head
And hearts that never crowned were
Save with the mem'ry of their dead?

Shake not thy locks before our eyes;
Sheathe quick thy dripping, jealous blade:
Think thou that God delights in strife,
The God that love and beauty made?

Let Pagans war, if war they must,—
Aye, selfish we, we Christian men,—
We'll none of thee, thou scourge of lust!
Back to the ages dark again!

— Arthur Kempton Lane.

TWIXT and SMILES and TEARS

A DAY DREAM.

A little thought went rippling
 Into the unknown depths,
 A little child was its fountain head,
 A little wave to the shore was sped;
 And the little pebbles in dried up places,
 Like children bereft of life's good graces,
 Looked out with a smile on their clean
 washed faces.

—Helen I. Nichols.



"WOULD YOU RATHER—"

DO you remember the old house, white with green blinds, that sprawled over the lot? It all comes back to me very clearly to-night. The great lawn with its evergreens, and the sweet-apple tree, and the great Benoni tree that we used to think must have been there when Columbus discovered America, it was so great. I can even remember the broken water-spout on the east corner, where the water ran off the roof and made a brown puddle, and that day when we painted the house brown with the mud and an old broom. What tricks we were up to in those days! Let me see, that was—oh, I don't know how many years ago. I remember you were a pale, thin little boy, with wondering, big eyes, and I—I suppose I was a tomboy. At any rate, it was always I who started the mischief, and you who paid the penalty, because I was a "visitor."

But what I remember most clearly was that day, the day before I left, not to see you again for years. It was warm, almost hot, and we had been playing tag until we were both tired, and we sat on the cool grass under the great apple-tree. How was it that talk began? Oh, yes! I asked you that question about the seven holes. "Would you rather be shot or have seven holes in your head?" "Rather be shot and have it over," you said, and then I explained about the seven holes being already there, the eyes, the mouth, the ears and so on. That was what started us, and all the afternoon we took turns asking "Would you rather?" "Would you rather fall off a house or have a house fall on you?"

"Would you rather be dragged by wild horses or take poison?"

And then at the end of the game, as the sun was leaving us in darkness, you asked, "Would you rather go or stay?" "Rather go," I said, for I was to go to a new town that seemed as all new towns do to children,—a new and wonderful world. And then I wondered why you cried. I know now.

How long ago that all seems! And yet it can scarcely be twenty years. No, scarcely fifteen!

To think that we have only had each other two years! It is hard to go, dear boy, for the years have been so happy,—so happy and so cruel. How little I thought as we sat under the tree that day,—“our last day” we called it,—that we should ever be as much to each other as we are. Fate is mysterious. It was years before we met, and then months before we loved. They were wasted, those months. If we had only known how short it was all to be, we would have loved at once, I know; but how could we tell? Just two short years, and I love you so! Thank God, it is I who must go and not you. Oh, those dear, dear years! I, sitting here by my window, all day, just waiting for you to come, and you, my brave laddie, working for me, slaving for me, in that cruel office, and always with your happy face and a smile when you came at length.

How I wasted those two precious years! There seemed so many ahead, so much time for love and you; how could I know that it would come to this so soon? My dear, brave, brown-haired boy; and I was so proud of you, and so happy! And now it must end. It is soon, so soon. Just as we have begun. Two years! Two days, they seem, and I love you so! We have been so happy, and this little home, all our very own—and your own chair there by the fire—oh, boy, I *can't* go!

I am not afraid,—it isn't that. You know you always said I was your brave little girl. Oh, it breaks my heart to think how you run your hand over my hair, and look down into my eyes when you say it, boy. . . . But I *did* make you happy, didn't I? I was so afraid I might not; that perhaps I wouldn't please you, after all,

but we have been so happy! And to leave it all!

"Would you rather?" That is what the question is. Just like those old days under the tree, laddie. The doctor says I have my choice. If he doesn't—doesn't use the knife, I have only a month. Think, boy, only one little short month! And if he does, I may have to go at once; more than likely, he said. If I didn't love you so, boy, I wouldn't care. How can I tell which is best? I want to stay with you, laddie; I don't want to go. I will be so lonely there—anywhere,—wherever it is. Oh, I don't want to die! I don't want to go. Hold me up close, boy, you can't "velly" many more times, now. But to-night you are "my very mine" isn't you? How foolish I am! I believe I'm going to cry, laddie.

I *can't* decide, boy. You tell me. We'll play it is the old yard, and that we are just asking the questions for fun, as we did that day. See, I am your brave little girl. Now, laddie, would you rather—

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER MATTER.

IF you would realize the extent to which matter is influenced by the mind, ride a bicycle. It is wonderful.

For instance, I will relate a little adventure of my own. I had only been riding the silent steed a week or so when I sailed down the street one evening, conscious of the admiring gaze of a score or more of good-looking women who live near us. To me it was one of those moments that a man of sense would not trade for a hundred bicycles of Cathay. But as I gazed upon the broad and fertile street before me, I observed in the very center of it a thick plank about one foot in length, with numerous nails projecting from it.

"Great Scott!" thought I, "what if I should run over that blamed plank! It would puncture my tires in a hundred places, throw me from my wheel, break two or three hundred ribs and other bones, and transform me into a crestfallen pedestrian before the very eyes of my wife and many good-looking neighbors."

"But," interrupted Reason, "there are at least twenty feet of good, clear pavement on either side of the plank. Steer away from it."

"True," answered Thought, "but suppose, just suppose, for instance, that I do go over it. Sometimes it is hard to steer just where you want to. Now—"

But Thought did not get time to complete the sentence. I had been approaching the board all this time, and was now upon it. I could hear warning cries on all sides. I made a desperate effort to steer away, but Thought had a firmer grip on the handles, and was still thinking about running over the board.

In sheer desperation I cried: "Get out of the way, you durned fool!" just as though that board could get up and walk—and then I went over it, with more or less of the consequences described above.

Again observe the influence of mind over mind—when on the wheel. Not long ago, I was wending my way along a shady road a few miles out in the rhubarbs. A short distance ahead of me a beautiful girl was riding. "Now if I were younger and good-looking," thought I, "how easy it would be to hasten my pace until I caught up with yon fair Miss, eventually ride side by side with her, gradually edge nearer and nearer to her and slip my arm around her waist!"

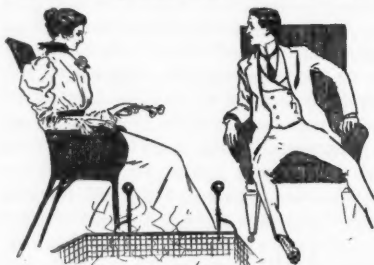
To my amazement, no sooner had this thought crossed my mind than I noticed my wheel going faster and faster. I tried to slow up, but could not. And horror upon horrors! the girl was slackening her pace. As we neared each other, both wheels edged toward the center of the road, and a woman told my wife that I rode through Punkinville with my arm around a girl's waist. I don't believe it. But the little lady afforded me the opportunity to investigate another phenomenon, i. e., the influence of matter over mind. And I have come to this conclusion: If the influence of mind over matter is astonishing, and of mind over mind bewildering, the influence of matter over mind—say of a flatiron on the top of one's head—is absolutely stunning.

Tom Hall.

HOW HE SAID IT.

TOM CALLOWAY had been rather attentive to Maude Macmillan for some time, and as they sat before the open grate this evening he seemed so very uneasy that Maude felt he was about to ask the important question. She had long since decided to give an affirmative answer, and not only that, but to help Tom, who was decidedly bashful, as far as her virgin modesty would permit, when he attempted to propose.

There had been one of those pulsating silences during which Love hypnotizes lov-



ers' brains, and the intermittent flicker of the hard-ash fire gave the scene a touch of romance. Maude was listening for the first word, and she was listening with both ears.

At length, Tom squirmed in his chair as though he had suddenly discovered that he was sitting on a nest of able-bodied hornets.

"Miss Maude," he said, while he contorted his face into a faltering caricature of a smile, "I want to tell you—that is, may I tell you?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Calloway," said Maude, "I shall be pleased to hear anything you may have to say."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Tom, "I thought perhaps you might not like to hear me say what I want to say, you know, and that's why I said what I said, but if I may say what I wanted to say, I will say it as quickly as I can—a—say it, you know. That is to say, I say, I'll say what I say I have to say—"

He stopped and mopped his forehead. Maude smiled sweetly upon him.

"Yes?" she inquired, sweetly.

"We have been friends for quite a while,"

he ventured. "At least I have been. That is, we have seemed to have been—and I think you were—I mean are—we are, that is—"

"Of course, Mr. Calloway, I am your friend and—and I always hope to be.

"I'm much obliged," groaned poor Tom, wiping his brow with the back of his hand, "I love—that is to say, I like—er—it is good to have friends—good friends, I mean, you know; of course it's bad to have bad friends—"

"I hope you consider me a good friend, Mr. Calloway," said Maude, sweetly, "but you said you wanted to say something. Do not be afraid to tell me, I pray."

"Well," said Tom, launching out bravely, "I have long expected my uncle's death, Miss Maude, and he is dead now. You know I have been—er—not very wealthy, and I'm not very wealthy now, but—er—it was quite a lift, you know, and I want to—er—ask you a very important question, you know. I thought of asking your father first, of course, but I don't believe he—ah—likes me, you know, so I thought I'd ask you first, you know, because—er—you do like me."

"Go on, Mr. Calloway," said Maude, softly.

"Well," continued Tom, "it's beastly slow having to live alone, you know, with nobody to help you and all that, and take care of your things—you know what I mean. A fellow can't do all those things for himself, you know, and, as the fellow said, 'man shouldn't live alone'—ha! ha!" It was a very thin, sickly laugh, but Maude smiled sweetly, and Tom continued:

"And I thought—that is to say—I decided I was able to have some one—that is to say—ah—I want—ah—that is—"

Maude leaned forward and put her hand on his arm.

"Do not be afraid, Mr. Calloway; you know I am interested in what you are saying, and I want to help you all I can for the sake of—of friendship."

"Miss Maude," cried Tom, "I will try to conquer this foolish fear. To be plain and brief, I want some one to help me and I want you—"

"I am all—" began Maude, but Tom went on without pausing:

"And I want you to tell me if the valet your father discharged last week was a reliable man. I have decided to afford a valet and—"

"Mr. Calloway," said Maude in such a frigid tone that a frost gathered on the andirons, "if that is what you wanted to say, I must beg to be excused. Perhaps Papa can recommend a valet. As for me, I think you have made a mistake. I am no employment agency!"

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE MAN WHO MADE THE STORM.

"I'M a-looking for my partner Jim, sir. I'm a-camping on his trail."

I had asked him where he was going. He was a strange-looking old fellow, and I saw at a glance that he could tell me a story. I am a dealer in stories, and I acquire them wherever and whenever I can.

"Here," said I, handing him a quarter, "go over to the roadside inn yonder, and start the fount of memory. Then come back and tell me all about it, under the shade of this tree."

He went and returned, and I was quite conscious that I had contributed somewhat to the joy of the world.

"Yes, I'm a-hunting for Jim," he said, "but I never expect to find him, sir, never—unless I can search the bottom of the ocean."

"Who is, or was, Jim?" I asked.

"Jim was the man who made the storm—the great storm of '93," he answered.

I remembered that awful storm in a July evening of 1893, and the damage it did, especially in the West—as far East, in fact, as the World's Fair grounds in Chicago. It was a terrible storm even to the Atlantic coast, but the damage was done mainly in the West.

"Perhaps I've passed him, though," mused the old fellow. "I can't learn of any houses or people being scrunched east of Chicago. P'raps I'll find him in Lake Michigan, after all."

I asked a leading question, to help matters along.

"How did Jim make the storm?"

"With a perpetual-motion machine" he answered.

"That's more than any one else has done with a machine of that kind," I commented.

"Yes, but it didn't make us rich," said he. "It only made a storm, and I didn't see much of that. You see it was this way: Jim and I were partners. Way out on the slopes of the Rockies, on the level plains of Colorado, sir, we had a ranch. And there we farmed a little and raised a few cattle and made a living and saved a little money. But Jim was young and ambitious and liked to read and study, and, what was worse, was something of an inventor. He didn't have many books, but the one he prized most was an unabridged dictionary with pictures in the back. And the pictures that interested Jim most were, of course, the pictures of engines and machinery. And the picture that interested Jim most among those was one of a perpetual-motion machine that was invented many years ago—and that didn't work. Maybe you've seen the picture, sir. It shows a wheel something like a fly-wheel of an engine, with curved spokes. Heavy balls of metal run along the spokes, and the idea is that the balls will run out to the rim as they go down on one side and back to the hub as they go up on the other, on account of the curve in the spokes, and in that way there'll always be more weight on one side of the wheel than there is on the other, or a greater leverage, as Jim would say, and consequently the wheel would always go round.

"Well, sir, Jim got that idea in his head and he couldn't get it out. The book said that the machine wouldn't work, but Jim believed he knew more than the book did. So he went to work and made models, and he found out after he had tried a half a dozen of them that the book was right. Then Jim made what he thought was a great discovery. He found that if he gave the wheel a little whack with his hand just as the balls got to a certain point the machine would continue to run. Well, I couldn't see that there was any perpetual motion in that, but Jim said it was the next best thing, and called it the 'assisted gravity machine.' And he talked about it so confidently and so much, that at last he got me to kind of believing in it, and

finally I agreed to his taking the money we had saved up and that we could get from a mortgage on the place, and having a working machine made.

"Well, it was a corker, that working machine was. It was shipped out to us in parts from the foundry where it had been made, and it took a dozen men a week or more to put it together. It consisted of two immense iron wheels made on the principle of the one in the dictionary, and these were joined together by a big iron axle. Under this axle hung a seat and a pedal contrivance, so that the man who rode in the seat could give the little propulsion with his foot at the right time. Jim called this propulsion the 'increment of energy,' and said if you kept on giving it steady, the wheel would get to going faster and faster, until you could get any power out of the machine you wanted, and all the work you'd be doing would be just tapping the blamed thing, like a mother does the cradle of her baby.

"Well, at last we got her set up out on the prairie, ready for a start, with the balls of iron in position on the spokes, which were made hollow to hold them, and Jim got into the seat, to set her a-going. I tried to get Jim to consent to my working her, for he was apt to have the St. Vitus' dance when he got at all excited, but he wouldn't have it at all. He said the inventor had a right to the honor of using the machine for the first time, and, of course, no argument could go against that. So we tied Jim in to keep him safe in his seat, and went behind the wheels with levers, to start it, which was no easy job, for the great iron wheels were fifteen feet in diameter and the whole thing weighed a great many tons, but just how many I've forgotten. At first, the 'assisted gravity machine' did not move much faster than a turtle would, but Jim kept working his pedals, and, just as he predicted, the machine kept gradually increasing its velocity. In the course of half an hour it was going as fast as a man can walk, and soon afterward I had to get on my pony to keep up with it. By this time, the men had stopped helping it along, and in a few minutes I had to keep my pony at a pretty sharp gallop to keep up with it. The

machine was a success. There was no doubt about that, and I felt like hurrahing and waving my hat. But just then it occurred to me that Jim might have more trouble stopping it than we had starting it going, and I rode alongside of him and told him he'd better quit pedaling and let her come gradually to a stop. And when I spoke to him, I noticed that he looked kind of scared.

"Bill, I can't stop," he answered, 'my St. Vitus' dance has come on me, and I'm pedaling in spite of myself.' And then, in a flash, I saw all that was going to happen and that did happen—all except the storm. I didn't anticipate that, but I knew that if things went on as they were going, he would soon be in the Atlantic Ocean, for his big, heavy wheels, going at the rate they would soon be going, would crash through anything, roll up any hill or jump any chasm. So I tried to reach over and untie him, but my horse was afraid of the machine, and in a moment it was going so fast I couldn't keep up, any way, and all I could do was to shout 'good-by' to Jim, and get off on the ground and pray that he might be saved.

"But he wasn't saved, and the last I saw of Jim was the flash of his wheel as it shot into the eastern horizon. By that time, of course, it was going too fast to be seen in any way except as a sort of flash, and it was beginning to disturb the atmosphere. I could feel the air being sucked away from me—"

"What?" I almost shouted.

He looked at me in a grieved sort of way.

"I'm telling this as it occurred, my friend," said the old man.

"The atmosphere was being sucked away from us and pushed ahead in front of that 'assisted gravity machine,' and the resulting disturbance in the atmosphere was what caused that awful storm. But it wasn't the storm that did all the damage. The worst of that was done by Jim and his machine.

"Well, I just followed on in Jim's trail, for I felt it was my duty to find what was

left of him and bury him;—and perhaps I could sell the machine, if I could find it, to some one who didn't have the St. Vitus' dance. But I made up my mind that no matter how badly I was tempted, I wouldn't ever sell it to any one that had the St. Vitus'



dance, for I am the right kind of man at heart, sir. And it wouldn't have been healthy for me to go back to our ranch, either, for it wasn't worth anything to me, all mortgaged up that way, and I didn't have any money to pay those men.

"At the first town I came to, I sold my pony, for I had to have food; and I've tramped it ever since, and here I am. You haven't another quarter about you, have you?"

I handed him another quarter, and he started to move away. It had occurred to me while he was telling the story to cross-question him when he finished, but on reflection I concluded that it would be better to let the story stand without explanation or excuse. I did have a word to add, however.

"My friend," I said to the old man, "when you get into the effete East, you'd better stop and tell that story to Edison."

"I will," he answered simply; "I used to know Edison. He kept a saloon in Philadelphia then; does he now?"

And I said he did. I felt that I would breathe easier after telling a lie.

Tom Hall.

CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer.

THE DENVER CONVENTION.

THE fourth biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will convene in Denver on June 22, and remain in session until the following Monday. This will be the most notable meeting ever held by club women. It will bring together, as no other has, the women of the South, the East and the West. Hundreds of women from the Pacific Coast, the Rocky Mountain region, and the prairie states, will attend the biennial who never did so before; and yet from the letters received by the local committees in Denver it appears that full delegations are coming from all the Eastern states. One reason for this is, doubtless, the fact that Denver has a summer climate, and that the mountains, cool mounds of frozen bliss, rear their white peaks in tempting proximity to the city.

The hospitality extended by the Denver women will assume a characteristic form. There will, of course, be private receptions galore, to which the delegations will be invited by states. There will be rides on the electric cars over the prettiest routes in the city, and one of these will end at the zoological gardens, where the North Side Woman's Club, the second largest in the state, will give the visitors a reception, with music and refreshments, amid the outdoor beauties of this lovely garden. The Round Table, one of the oldest and best known of the small literary clubs of Denver, will give a lawn party also, on the beautiful grounds of one of the members. The great social event of the biennial, however, will be an excursion, free to all delegates, on which visitor and hostess will go together around the Georgetown loop, spending the day amid the grandest moun-

tain scenery, and taking lunch at a mining camp.

The biennial, of course, is not to be all play. Mrs. Edwin Longstreth, of Philadelphia, chairman of the Biennial Committee of the G. F. W. C., has not fully completed the programme yet, but following is an outline of it:

Board and council meetings will monopolize the sessions. The governor of state, mayor of the city, president of the Women's Club, Denver, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, and State Chairman of Correspondence Mrs. E. M. Ashley, will make addresses of welcome on Wednesday. Mrs. Henrotin will respond.

Education, studied from four standpoints—ethical, manual, university and education per se—will be considered Wednesday evening. Mrs. Mary E. Mumford, Mrs. Ottley, of Georgia, and Mrs. Coray, of Utah, have been invited to speak on their specialties.

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson will be in charge of affairs on Thursday during discussions of Civic Club and Village Improvement Associations. At the same meeting, "Women in Journalism" will be spoken upon by experienced critics.

Art clubs are to be given a voice in the Denver convention, and these will receive attention under a discussion on the economic work done in clubs.

At the Thursday meeting Miss Agnes Repplier will make an address, and possibly Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. Margaret DeLand has been asked to preside. Mrs. C. P. Barnes, the recording secretary of the federation, will be chairman of this literary meeting.

A conference on education will be held Friday morning under the leadership of

Margaret J. Evans of the University of Minnesota.

There will be an evening devoted to the drama, when Mrs. Alice Ives Breed will preside, and the "Folk Songs of America" will be spoken upon by Mrs. Philip Moore, of St. Louis, with illustrations by a coterie of scholars selected by herself.

On Sunday twelve pulpits will be filled by members of the federation. Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson and Mrs. Edwin Longstreth will occupy two of these, and the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane is expected to respond to one of the calls. The programme for Sunday evening will be arranged by Mrs. Longstreth, who has already secured Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, and Miss Belle Stoutenborough for addresses upon the "Spiritual Significance of Organization and National Songs."

During one of the closing sessions of the convention, Mrs. Cyrus E. Perkins, of Michigan, will open a conference on club methods.

It is Mrs. Longstreth's intention to eliminate, so far as possible, all essays and papers from the biennial and to substitute talks and open discussions.

THE existence of the Woman's Club of Denver made possible the invitation of the biennial to Denver. The story of this great organization would read like a fairy tale to the woman of 50 or 60 years ago. Organized in 1894, with less than 200 members, it now has nearly a thousand. It has seven departments, viz: Reform, Philanthropy, Art and Literature, Science and Philosophy, Music, Home, and Education. Each of these carries on its own line of work throughout the year, and has its regular meetings and literary programmes. The club itself also holds fortnightly meetings, with programmes and discussions. But the club does far more than literary work. For instance, among its various departments, it conducts kitchen garden classes and a school of domestic science, the latter under the charge of a graduate of Pratt Institute. Little girls from the poorest families are trained in the kitchen garden classes by members of the club, who

have themselves taken a regular course to fit themselves for the work, and the graduates are then given a course at the school, free of charge. At the end, they are competent to care for a house and cook for a family, neatly and intelligently, and the work has been transformed from a labor of drudgery to one of pleasure. The club donates each Christmas \$100 to "Parson Tom" Uzzell, to help give his poor children in the bottoms a Christmas dinner, and then women from the club go down to help him serve it. A traveling library has been sent through the mountain towns. The Christmas number of the Rocky Mountain News was issued in '97, and over \$800 cleared by the club, with which to place works of art in the public schools of Denver. The Pingree garden plan has been successfully conducted by the club for three years, and last fall, when the crops were all in, all the gardeners and their families were invited to the Woman's club rooms to a reception, with beautiful music, funny speeches, and elegant refreshments. This reception was given not to "improve" the gardeners, or "elevate" them, or "reform" them, but simply to give them a pleasant, happy afternoon, a thoroughly good time for once. This is not half the story of the good deeds of the Denver Woman's Club. But it is enough to demonstrate the spirit that animates it.

Better than all this is the spirit of fraternity, the creation of a solid body of public sentiment among the women on any question of the public weal, which has been the result of the formation of the club. The Woman's Club has assisted in many enterprises for the good of Denver, and now that it has a big enterprise of its own on hand, in the entertainment of the biennial, it will meet with ready assistance from those it has helped in the past.

The club, when reflecting on its own career, pays grateful tribute always to its first and only president, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, to whose remarkable qualities as an organizer and leader of her sex, the success and harmony of the past have been so largely due. Broad, liberal, charitable, practical, magnetic, a public speaker of power, and a private worker of infinite tact and judgment, Mrs. Platt is one of the

greatest women in the General Federation today, and is a true type and representative of the Western women. The General Federation heard of her first at the Louisville biennial. It will know more of her after the Denver biennial, and at last will come to appreciate her magnificent qualities as they are appreciated in the Rocky Mountain region.

*Minnie J. Reynolds,
Chairman Local Biennial Committee.*

ARARELY progressive club is that of the Daughters of Maine, of Somerville, Mass. Mrs. Clara P. Haven, who for four years has been president, and who has led the club to its splendid position, has just resigned. At the last meeting Mrs. Haven was surprised with a magnificent gift of cut glass, an expression from the club of the appreciation in which she is held, and the grateful recognition of her efforts in the club's behalf, that has brought it to such a high position and general excellence. Mrs. Haven enjoys the possession of natural gifts that make her a leader. She has unflinching good nature, limitless tact, most attractive personality and she is entirely above any small personal sensitiveness or petty characteristics. To all these natural gifts Mrs. Haven adds keen intelligence and broad cultivation, so that in all artistic and literary work she has been eminently fitted to lead the club.

Miss Martha Mackay Jackson has been elected president to succeed Mrs. Haven, and the club feels assured that it has chosen wisely, for Miss Jackson will follow out the same line of work, and brings to the office ability, high social position and a peculiarly pleasant personality.

THE Woman's Club, of Peabody, Mass., is having a specially interesting course of lectures this season. Early in February Rabbi Charles Fleischer gave one upon "The Jews," later in the month Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gosse, of the Boston Herald staff, gave one on "Old Salem"; in March there will be an afternoon devoted to the "Percival" of Wagner, by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, with instrumental music

by way of illustration, and Miss Ellen H. Bailey will give a lecture on "Friendly Visiting in the Homes of the London Poor."

THE Woman's Club, of Concord, N. H., is a remarkably successful, useful and progressive organization. Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth is the president, Mrs. Helen M. Conn is vice-president, Miss Gertrude Downing, recording secretary, Miss Edith H. Carter, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Armenia W. Hobbs, treasurer, and Miss Carrie E. Evans, auditor.

The new year has been full of good things in the way of lectures, and the whole season's work is notable. In January, the Gentlemen's Night occurred, and there was a song recital, "Irish Songs and Song Writers," by Mr. Frederic W. Bancroft, of Boston. Also in January, Mrs. Margaret Deland lectured on the "Change in the Feminine Ideal"; there was a charming club tea at Mrs. Albert B. Woodworth's, a very pleasant review of current events upon one afternoon, and a lecture on the "New Italy," by Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson.

February was filled with a lecture recital by Dr. Carl E. Dufft, of New York, the subject being "Studio Experiences as Student and Teacher," Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, in "Child Study," and the consideration of the Woman's Club movement in its relation to "Home and Society in General," by Mrs. Fanny E. Minot.

In March, aside from the afternoons that are devoted to current events, there will be a lecture by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, on "Some Social Aspects of the Modern Education of Women"; papers on "Common Rocks and Minerals," by Mrs. Lizzie S. Clough, and a "Short Talk on Astronomy," by Mrs. Fanny C. Stevens.

April will be filled with careful current events work, papers on "Immigration," by Mrs. Hattie G. Carter; "Some Rocks That Menace Our Civilization," by Mrs. Margaret R. Eastman, and the annual meeting, filled with reports of the secretary and treasurer, an address by the president, the election of officers and the club tea.



"Gondola Days."

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, rare artist and story-teller that he is, has, in his last book, taken us by the hand and led us into all that beauty and romance for which Venice has always stood to us as the embodiment. He has invited us as his guest to step with him into his gondola and under that most entrancing of Venetian skies to dream away a few weeks in the gardens and the cafés, along the lagoons, and among the legacies of the past. He has carried us for the nonce into a world where poetry is more than prose, where a song is held dearer than riches, and where sweetness and light and beauty fill your days.

Mr. Smith in his preface says: "I have made no attempt in these pages to review the splendors of the past, or to probe the many vital questions which concern the present, of this wondrous City of the Sea. Neither have I ventured to discuss the marvels of her architecture, the wealth of her literature and art, nor the growing importance of her commerce and manufactures.

"I have contented myself rather with the Venice that you see in the sunlight of a summer's day—the Venice that bewilders with her glory when you land at her water-gate; that delights with her color when you idle along the riva; that intoxicates with her music as you lie in your gondola adrift on the bosom of some breathless lagoon—the Venice of mould-stained palace, quaint café and arching bridge; of

fragrant incense, cool, dim-lighted church, and noiseless priest; of strong-armed men and graceful women—the Venice of light and life, of sea and sky and melody.

"To every one of my art-loving countrymen, this city should be a Mecca; to know her thoroughly is to know all the beauty and romance of five centuries." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Men I Have Known."

FROM his voluminous writings upon such serious subjects as "The Life of Christ," "Seekers After God" and "Early Christianity," Dean Farrar has turned to offer us reminiscences of the great men he has known. With singular sweetness, thoughtfulness, and consideration has he chosen the facts presented from his wide and intimate acquaintance with noted men; nor does he regard the desire to catch glimpses of those who have deeply influenced their generation as in any sense petty or ignoble; instead he affirms his belief in the value of such views of the every day life of notable people.

About such characters as Lord Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Dean Stanley, Charles Darwin, Professor Huxley, Cardinal Newman, and countless others, he chats freely and delightfully. Of those whom he knew less well, Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, W. M. Thackeray, George Du Maurier, Thomas Carlyle, and many more he gives such information as he does possess. He shows us Lord Tenny-

son, sensitive and retiring; Robert Browning, self-confident and fond of society; George Du Maurier, genial and cordial; Thomas Carlyle, noble and ignoble; and so through the whole list he discusses personalities in a way, which, as he avers, "can pain or annoy no one, and may be of interest to some."

A quaint and charming modesty is always displayed by this Dean of Canterbury whenever he connects his own name and achievements with those of the geniuses he depicts. We observe this with a smile when he says, "In later years Mr. Browning was particularly cordial to me, not only because he knew how deep was the debt of gratitude which I owed him for all that I had learnt from his poems, but also because he was kind enough to believe that I had greatly promoted the sale of his writings in America." Although himself a great admirer of this poet's works, the writer recounts an amusing story of the vexation of "Douglas Jerrold, who, on trying *Sordello*, declared that it contained only two intelligible lines; the first,—Who will may hear *Sordello's* story told, and the last,—Who would has heard *Sordello's* story told; and that these two lines contained an absolute falsehood!"

Of Dean Stanley, he tells, after a firm defense of his friend's work, a laughable story: "Dean Stanley's written words were often only indicated by their first letter," he says; and a facsimile of a page of this handwriting is a study in illegibility. For the word "Deanery" he simply wrote a capital D, gave his pen a twirl, and by the length of the line it described, suggested the word he had in mind. Concerning this abbreviated way of writing, his friend continues: "When the Dean answered an invitation to dinner, his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal; and when he most kindly replied to the question of some workingman, the recipient of his letter thanked him, but ventured to request that the tenor of the answer might be written out by somebody else 'as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy.'" With such recitals is this volume replete. Noted men are brought very close to our own lives and we

see them not as mere names or writers of books, but as living human beings.

That one who has made so deep an impression upon his own generation and has produced so many thoughtful works, should give us the benefit of his intimate knowledge of great men is a simple and kindly service in keeping with the character of the author. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers.

"Free to Serve."

OF the many colonial novels which have been produced, "Free to Serve" is one of the most entertaining. Interest in the story, which is marked from the beginning, gathers momentum until the last pages are reached; before the dramatic effect of one situation is impaired, it is succeeded by another as unexpected and as powerful. By this method of accumulation of incident, the attention is continually held and never allowed to flag.

In its portrayal of life and customs in colonial New York, this book, by E. Rayner, is quite successful; it is not the historic background, however, which gives the work its greatest value; neither is it the character delineation which is most satisfactory; the experiences of a beautiful high-born English girl made a bond-servant through the scoundrelism of a spendthrift brother constitute the force which holds the reader from the first to the last chapter.

In the opening pages we are shown Fulke Nevard, one of the reckless, dashing set in London, and his sister, Avaline, living in simple independence under the shield of her titled uncle's proximity; we see Fulke entreating his sister to sell her home to save him from financial ruin and to enable him to go to the colonies; soullessly, selfishly, without a shade of appreciation, he accepts the sacrifice she makes. With a woman's blind faith in a brother whom all others distrust, she goes bravely forth to aid him in his life in the new world, and receives her first rude awakening when the rough captain of the vessel in which they sail informs her that she is his bond-servant, bound to him by her brother as security for a debt, and to be sold into service in New York for a period of years. The shock, the horror, the hideousness of

such knowledge to a gentle high-bred girl is all but maddening; yet she bears herself bravely and proudly through the ordeal. Upon reaching port, she is sold as any common slave might be, but chances to fall into the hands of a well-born young Dutchman, Geysbert Feljer, who makes the purchase for his mother, with thought also of saving the girl from a worse fate.

For five years she is bound to serve this family of Dutch people, each of whom, appreciating the fine fibre of Avaline, makes her life as tolerable as possible. Love, jealousy, hatred, drunkenness, bondage, murder, smallpox, are some of the elements entering into her subsequent history; the English nobility, the Dutch colonial gentry, a bond-servant, white servants, negro slaves, Indian traders and Indians, are among the dramatic personæ. Geysbert and his brother, Helmer, having both become enamored of the maid, fierce strife and enmity between the young men ensue. Helmer, the winner of the heart of Avaline, is, through a combination of unfortunate circumstances, the suspected murderer of an enemy; unable to clear himself, he becomes an outlaw; meanwhile, Geysbert, mad with jealousy, rage, and drink, has, after his mother's death, violently tried to force Avaline to remain in his service, and has reason to believe he has killed the girl in his drunken frenzy. Finally, Helmer is acquitted, Avaline reappears and Geysbert, repentant, gives them his blessing and receives forgiveness.

The most disappointing feature of the book is that Geysbert, having shown considerable manliness at the first, should fall so far as to win the contempt of every one; while Fulke, utterly despicable and unprincipled, should in the end amass a fortune and be counted quite a hero. Herein do these two characters lack somewhat of consistency and unity. But the fact remains that "Free to Serve" is a very clever romance. Copeland & Day, Publishers.

"The Count of Nideck."

WE have here no attempt to solve a psychological problem or prove a social theory; but a story pure and simple. If, therefore, any one has any desire to read "The Count of Nideck," he

would thank us not at all for recounting the tale; he would then have no motive for perusing its pages. Suffice it to say that in the romantic and superstitious atmosphere surrounding an ancient German castle, we have an old family under the curse of a long past crime; a mad count, bewitched by an old hag; a young, sad and beautiful countess, and a brave and skilful young man, who becomes the mascot of the house. As we turn the pages we discover by what means the Black Plague obtained her influence over the count; and in the excitement of a wild boar hunt we are shown the courage and love of the hero and heroine. If the narrator carries his characters at times far beyond the limits of probability, why need we complain? For purely matter-of-fact commonplace experiences we need not go to books; our own or our neighbors' lives will furnish the realities we seek. "The Count of Nideck" is decidedly an interesting creation, not burdened by descriptions, philosophy, or other extraneous matter; the path of the narrative is kept clear and open from first to last; it is, therefore, easy and rapid reading. L. C. Page & Co., Publishers.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." On the Stage.

THE new play, dramatized from Ian Maclaren's famous stories, will not appear first in New York, after all, as announced in our last number. New Yorkers will not have an opportunity to see it until the autumn. Meantime, the opening performance will take place on Easter Monday, April 11th, in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, where, if it proves successful, it may run for the rest of the season into the summer. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) visited Chicago twice while on his lecturing tour in the fall of 1896, and on both occasions—the second time on the eve of the presidential election—he spoke to enthusiastic audiences which packed the Music Hall. Dr. Watson frequently referred to the exceedingly cordial welcome he received from the Chicagoans. So that as things have turned out for the production of the play in that city, the event may be regarded as most auspicious.



The National Question Class

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

In answering questions write only on one side of the paper.

Make your answers full and complete. Give name and full address with answers.

All members of the class *must* be subscribers to "The National Magazine."

To become a member of this class, apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate.

Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every subscriber for "The National Magazine" should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study, and it is arranged solely for subscribers.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WE are constantly receiving letters from persons who reside at so great a distance from Boston that they are unable to get the class questions in time to answer them within the time limit. This seems unfair to thousands of our readers, and to overcome the difficulty, we propose to make the following arrangement: Answers to the prize questions for March must be received on or before April 30, and prizes will be announced in our May issue.

The April questions must be answered on or before May 30. In this way ample time will be given for the careful study the questions deserve.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

First Prize, Florence N. Levy, 63 West Seventy-third St., New York City.

Second Prize, Marion Gay, Kilsyth Road, Brookline, Mass.

Third Prize, Mary Swift Wright, Lock Haven, Conn.

Fourth Prize, Annie E. Leach, Newport, N. H.

HONORABLE MENTION.

John H. Benton, O St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Forrest W. Martin, 17 Amherst St., Nashua, N. H.

Calvin S. Locke, Westwood, Mass.

Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.

Marie M. Higgins, Mansfield, Mass.

ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

Literature.

1. Shelley was drowned near Spezzia, Italy. His body was cremated and the ashes were interred in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. The heart, which would not burn, was snatched from the flames and given to Mary Shelley, and is in the keeping of her family.

2. Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived in Florence, and is buried in the Protestant Cemetery of that city.

3. Walter Savage Landor and Theodore Parker are also buried in Florence.

4. In Westminster Abbey there is a bust of Longfellow, and in 1893 two stained glass windows in the Chapter House were dedicated as a memorial to James Russell Lowell.

5. The line, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," is from the poem "About Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt.

Art.

1. Hiram Powers's most famous piece of sculpture is "The Greek Slave."

2. Rubens was ennobled by Philip IV. of Spain, and in 1627 the Archduchess Isabella sent him as ambassador to England

to negotiate peace between that country and Spain.

3. To decorate the Luxembourg Palace, Rubens painted 21 great pictures representing the life of Marie de Medici up to the period of her reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII. They are now in the Louvre.

4. A legend relates that Quentin Matsys, a smith of Louvain, was induced to change his trade and become a painter so as to gain the affection of an artist's daughter.

5. Munich has long been noted for its bronze foundries, and until within the last few years most of our monuments were cast there.

General.

1. From Napoleon's sudden return to France, on March 1, 1815, until his defeat at Waterloo, on the following 18th of June, is known as the Hundred Days.

2. Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour were the three men actively instrumental in the uniting of Italy.

3. On the 31st of July, 1830, General Lafayette stood on a balcony of the Hotel De Ville, Paris, and presented to the people the candidate for the new monarch, Louis Philippe. On August 9 he was declared "King of the French."

4. The London Stone was the central milestone in London from which the British highways radiated, and from which distances were reckoned. The Stone is now inserted in the outer wall of the Church of St. Swithin, the top being seen through an opening covered by a grille.

5. The palace of Sans Souci, at Potsdam, Germany, was erected for Frederick the Great, in 1747. The King expressed a wish to be buried at the foot of the statue of Flora, in the park, saying: "Quand je serai là, je serai sans souci."

Florence N. Levy.

THE FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Literature.

1. There is a pretty churchyard in an old town near Windsor, England, where a famous English poet is buried. Who is the poet, and what man, afterward celebrated in America, once dwelt there?

2. What literary genius of France was patronized by a Prussian King, and what practical work occupied twenty years of the Frenchman's life?

3. What are the nicknames given in Paris to members of the Institute of France—the forty immortals?

4. With whom was the historian Gibbon once in love, and what were the circumstances?

5. There is a certain grim old castle on the shore of a Swiss lake, made famous by the work of an English poet. What is the castle, what is the poem and who wrote it?

Art.

1. What was the chief characteristic of the work of the early Flemish and Dutch artists?

2. What honor did an Emperor pay Titian that was a personal service?

3. What great painting was begun for a church in southern France, and who ordered it?

4. What did Longfellow say of the "backgrounds" of Cimabue?

5. What is the story of Giotto's O?

General.

1. With the history of what other obelisk is the splendid one in Central Park, New York, connected?

2. What were the Olympic games, and who founded them?

3. What is the Rosetta Stone, where is it, and why is it of such importance?

4. Why are the Elgin marbles so called, and where are they?

5. There is a great gun called "Mons Meg." Where is it, and why is it so called?

PRIZES FOR MARCH.

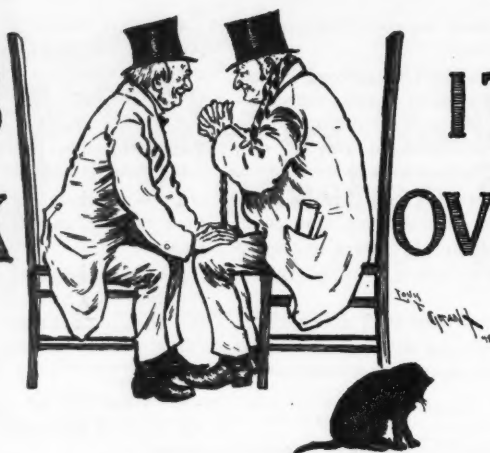
First Prize: "Gondola Days," by F. Hopkinson Smith, with illustrations of Venice by the author.

Second Prize: "Free to Serve," by E. Rayner.

Third Prize: "Harvard Episodes," by Charles M. Flandrau.

Fourth Prize: "On the Face of the Waters," a story of the Indian Mutiny, by Mrs. F. A. Steele.

LET'S
TALK



IT
OVER

HERE we are together again for another quiet chat. Now, draw up your chairs and let us hear what you have to say about "The National Magazine," and if the editor will just bury his fuzzy head in a book we will have a bit of gossip together. The picture in the title expresses the good nature of this occasion. Those jovial good souls you can imagine discussing some of the "Smiles"; perhaps they have unearthed a new joke that they are going to send "The National Magazine." After all, what is more beautiful than a jolly, ripe old age? The inclination among Americans is to outgrow the capacity of a genuine good smile at thirty. The moments spent in a hearty good laugh with a friend are too often considered as a waste of time and money. O, Americans, learn to let happiness beam in your faces! Forget the selfish, sordid affairs of life and give a moment to wholesome sociability.

* * *

YOU ride a bicycle? Of course, then, you have visited the "oddest places" and met with the "queerest incidents" on a bicycle tour. If you go again, take your camera and obtain views and send them with an article describing the trip to "The National Magazine." A cash prize of \$100 will be awarded for the best sketch sent us after March 15th and before October 15th, 1898. The article must not have

over 2,000 words, accompanied by not less than five pictures. A number of the sketches, aside from those awarded prizes, will be published and paid for at regular rates. Now, send in your article early, and we want to know just what part of the earth remains for the bicyclist to explore. This competition has awakened widespread interest among bicyclists in all parts of the country.

* * *

THE mails continue to bring the publisher of "The National Magazine" scores of kindly words of encouragement and praise. Thousands of new readers are added each month, and they are expressing an interest in "The National Magazine" which is of itself an inspiration. We invite and court suggestions—make yourself at home in our correspondence parlor. One lady reader in New York City expresses her conviction, and could she only know the tireless and relentless search of publishers for good short stories, having freshness and spontaneity, she would think there might be some extenuating circumstances. Here is what she says:

"This is the day of short stories—and you gave us only three in your last number. Gems of their kind, too, and the sort to read in the family circle before big and little boys and girls, every word of them. Who does not enjoy a crisp, well-turned

story? No need of always going to the *Black Cat* for 'interesting stories so fantastically told throughout as to interest story-lovers everywhere' as the legend runs. It appears to me that "The National Magazine," under the new management, young and vigorous, has reached a very high standard of excellence—may it flourish apace is my hearty wish."

* * *

TALKING of short stories, Eben E. Rexford's "Forever, If Need Be," will appear in the Easter number of "The National Magazine," handsomely illustrated by Walter L. Greene. The story is a poem in prose, and considered one of the best literary efforts of this distinguished author, who is well known to almost every household, because he is a regular contributor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

* * *

IF there is an advertiser in the United States of America who has not received a copy of "The National Magazine" please hold up your hand or send us a postal card stating that fact! We have begun the spring bombardment, and advertisers are warned that there will be no circular letters. We always have something to say direct to every advertiser, and if we think we can help his business we say so—if not, we say so. Our subscription list goes to good homes. Now, draw your own conclusions, and write us for rates.

* * *

SINCE the beginning of Christian art no subject has been so frequently treated as that of "Mother and Child." The miles of Madonnas in European galleries are a witness of this and our modern artists still find the theme fascinating. Mr. Brush's picture, which is our frontispiece this month, is one of the most precious possessions of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He has painted sunlight—a thing which few artists have achieved successfully—and the beholder of this sunlit picture, brought in touch with the genius of the painter, goes away with a new sense of the gladness of childhood and the glory and ecstasy of motherhood.

WHY is it that we are all so diffident in speaking out an encouraging word for what we know is a good thing? If it is bad or in any way nettles us, the comment flows freely. And yet how much good oftentimes one little word of merited praise bestows. This does not mean fulsome or idle flattery, but a word of honest encouragement when you find it is honestly due, or a suggestion of kindly criticism. How many noble and heroic efforts are passed by in everyday life without comment unless some extraordinary or tragic circumstance calls it forth! The young lawyer, minister or doctor, the farmer, mechanic or clerk, are stimulated to great achievement by personal appreciation. Careers have been determined by what has seemed carelessly spoken words. We want a nod of recognition from each friend of "The National Magazine" in their everyday talk.

* * *

IT is not always proper, however, to speak so much about ourselves. The other magazines do that, and it is the province of "The National Magazine" to do something different. We cannot understand why it is that all the older magazines maintain such a stolid indifference as to the very existence of any other periodical. It seems to transgress an unwritten law to mention even the name of another magazine. Why cannot magazines exercise the same neighborly exchange spirit of the newspapers? Is it too vulgar "you know"? Why this assumption of stupid dignity of indifference to each other in the discussion and exploitation of matters of common interest? Well, it may be called youthful assumption in "The National Magazine," but if there is a good thing in a contemporary that is necessary to allude to, the copy readers of "The National Magazine" have no instructions to insert "according to a recent magazine article."

* * *

THE American Magazine, as an artistic and literary production, is spoken of everywhere with respect and with our wealth in this direction, we are apt to forget that not so very many years ago Ameri-

can periodicals were in a deep rut of mediocrity and conventionality. It is a pleasure to "The National Magazine," one of the youngest of the cult, to call attention to the services rendered by one of the oldest—the honored *Century Magazine*. For it was this publication, headed by J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith, of venerated memories, that first raised the American magazine out of the slough into which it had fallen and lifted it to the pinnacle it now occupies. The *Century* from the first was fortunate in having in its editorial corps men who were not afraid to break away from unprofitable tradition, and had wisdom to shape original undertakings. This was especially true of the art department of the magazine, whose gifted superintendent, identified with it from the beginning, still directs its artistic fortunes. So radical were the departures in this direction, that the periodical shared the fate of most geniuses and was ridiculed and criticized for a while. But the artistic principles on which the procedures were based were too sound to be disregarded, and American art has felt the stimulus ever since. All hail to this Jupiter of the monthlies!

* * *

THE morning after a heavy fall of soft snow presents Nature in sculptured white. The fantastic shapes are so perfect in their artistic mould as to suggest Divine touch. The bleak and bare branches of the trees furnish an ideal lay figure for the trceries of Purity's emblem. There are suggestions of carved vegetation in a delicacy that defies all attempt at reproduction in the sculptor's studio. In the stifled air and artificial light of art galleries only a poor reflection is obtained of Nature's grandeur. Flakes of snow on limb and bark, on the bush and brier, and even the homely fence, stump and shanty, are made objects of almost supernatural beauty by the touch of Nature in a February snow storm. In the city traffic is stopped. Nature has asserted her power over man. The irritating rattle on the pavements is muffled and the din of commerce is hushed. There is something supreme above Man, after all.

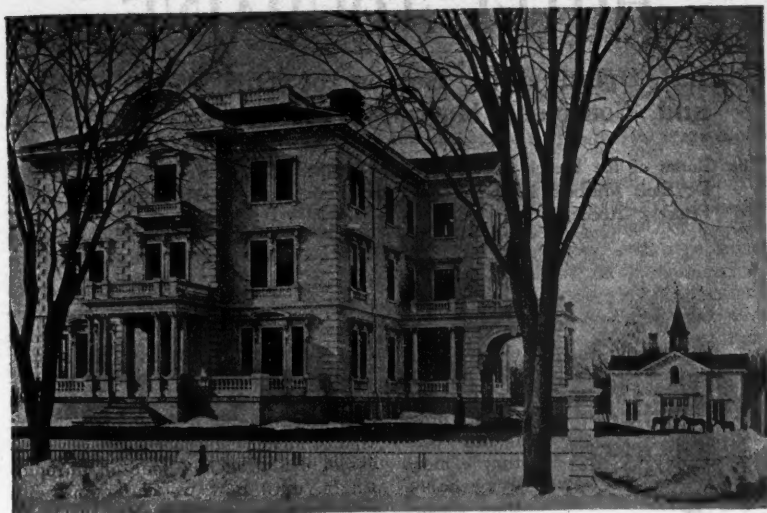
FEW young writers have met with more decided success than Miss Mary M. Mears. Her "Accordin' to Solomon," in *McClure's* for January, was a refreshing change in short story diet. "David," the story published in this issue of "The National Magazine," is even stronger, and Mr. Grant has truly caught the spirit of this artistic sketch of Western life in the illustrations. Miss Mears has left for a trip abroad, and will give "The National Magazine" some of her impressions and observations while traveling in Europe. Miss Mears is scarcely out of her teens, and "The National Magazine" feels proud of her as a regular staff contributor, and we are quite safe in predicting for her a brilliant and successful literary career.

* * *

TWO editions printed to supply the demand for "The National Magazine" in February. Sounds big, doesn't it? Well, if our kind friends will keep on sending us subscriptions we see no other way to do. The February number was at a premium, as the various new companies discovered in trying to supply the demand. The rapid increase interfered somewhat with getting copies mailed promptly last month, but a large force has been provided and every subscriber of "The National Magazine," from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, ought to receive their copies in the mail on the first day of the month on which they are issued hereafter.

* * *

EACH month of the calendar year has its significance and traditional characteristics. Many of these peculiar traits, due at each change of the moon, have now become a matter of fixed history, as well as popular belief. The suggestion of a March wind "coming in like a lamb" is given by the artist, Mr. Searles, on the cover of this issue of "The National Magazine." It is the same old wind which Wordsworth calls "a sightless laborer whistling at his task." The floating effect he has given the figure is idyllic, while the meek March hare is not forgotten.



SLADE MANSION SELECT SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE American girl is justly the admiration of the world. This is not a mere accident but because of the peculiar and excellent advantages offered in exclusive American schools in preparing them for the queenly functions at home or in society.

The Slade Mansion Select School of Providence, R. I., offers unequalled advantages in this respect. A complete and thorough English course is given or the young ladies are fitted for any college which they may choose to enter. To a limited number the home department is thrown open affording the luxury of a good home, with all the elegancies and refinements to which they have been accustomed.

Dances and cotillions, which are events in social life are often given in the spacious ball-room, which draws together the best society. This feature of the school entirely eliminates the dreaded lonesomeness of the boarding school, and at the same time nothing is allowed to interfere with thorough and systematic school work, but once the school work and study hours are passed, the young ladies in the home department are not permitted to fall victims to ennui. The atmosphere of the Slade mansion is, in itself an inspiration to not only good school work, but gives those subtle finishing touches to the American girl's education

which makes her the admiration of the world.

These advantages are peculiar and perhaps not equalled in other schools, and for that reason are necessarily exclusive. Only a limited number will be taken, but each one of this number will find that wholesome delightful atmosphere of an elegant home which is not only in itself an education but carries with it the happy ring of life and merriment, so natural and essential to young people. And the memory of happy days at Slade's Mansion are always pleasant to recall.



Mrs. Slade entertains extensively and as a chaperon enters heartily into the spirit and feeling of enthusiastic pleasure as well as earnest and sincere school work.

HOTEL TOURAINE.

Formal Opening in Boston of this Most Superb
and Complete Hostelry of Modern Times.

The Glories of the French Renaissance as Typified in the World Famed Chateau De Blois Mirrored in the Architecture, Embellishment and Furnishing of this Princely Abode.

BY G. W. HARLAN



the crude inns and hosteleries of the beginning and middle of this century to the grand palaces that may now be found in at least five of the world's great capitals—London, Paris, New York, Boston and Chicago. Other great cities throughout the world beside these, it is true, possess remarkable structures dedicated to the entertainment of the travelling public, as well as permanent guests, but in none of them can be found all the high class, luxurious appurtenances that distinguish the splendid architectural creations to be found in the above named cities. A retrospect of the development of hotel life in this country particularly will reveal changes that are startling, changes that great commercial prosperity could alone have wrought. The very existence on a profitable basis of these Aladdin-like palaces speaks eloquently for the volume of wealth that is distributed among our people. It is a vast business proposition, which, divested of all sentimentality, will reveal to the future historian something of the great material resources of America at the end of the nineteenth century. The people of this nation more particularly than those of any of the other nations in the world have demanded changes

HERE are none of the processes of evolution in the art of living in the nineteenth century more remarkable than the development of hotel and restaurant life, from

in everything that could minister to their comfort and happiness, and have eagerly welcomed every innovation that would conduce toward these ends. Many well meant investments of capital in hotels, it is true, have produced only glaring, ugly piles of masonry devoid of any artistic merit, but the process of evolution has gone on unremittingly, until now we can point with pride to some of the greatest architectural triumphs in hotel construction to be found in any part of the habitable world. The latest and one of the most remarkable examples in this line is the beautiful Hotel Touraine, now opened to the public in Boston under the management of Mr. J. Reed Whipple. To those of the travelling public who have in the past few years availed themselves of his matchless management of the famous old Parker House and Young's Hotel, Mr. Whipple will need no introduction. His marked success in maintaining and adding to the prestige of those two fine properties is indelibly stamped on our national hotel history. Large and finely conducted as those two hotels have been, however, he has felt the need of greater facilities for the accommodation of his constantly increasing clientele. Some relief was found when he made a large addition to the Parker House a few months ago, but the construction of this addition was but one of the features of a liberally conceived plan to give Boston more ample hotel accommodations of the highest class. The Hotel Touraine now caps the climax of this indefatigable hotel manager's present plans, and in its completed grandeur and perfection marks an epoch in hotel building in America.

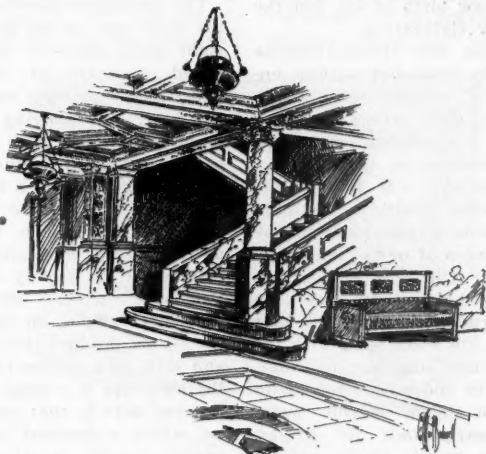
A careful survey of this superb hostelry will reveal to even the most indifferent of observers, the thorough,

HOTEL TOURAINE

painstaking care and businesslike sagacity that have been manifested in every detail of its construction, arrangement and furnishing. None but a hotel manager of Mr. Whipple's consummate ability and long experience in catering to a clientele exacting to the last degree in its requirements for refined hotel life could ever have conceived and carried to successful conclusion such a fine example of the highest type of hotel construction as is embodied in the Hotel Touraine. It stands to-day without a rival in the world for completeness. Every detail is the outcome of intelligent thought and lengthened experience. From the

depots and retail stores, commands an extended view of the Common, and in its upper stories overlooks the city and country for many miles in every direction.

The building is constructed of grey limestone and brick, and rises in severe simplicity to a height of ten stories above the street, with a basement and sub-basement. It is bounded on its four sides by Boylston, Tremont, Tamworth and Lagrange Streets, thus affording ample ventilation and light in every room. There is not a room in the house that does not have the advantage of light and air from one of the four streets that surround it. A



The Marble Stairway.

laying of the first foundation stone in the spring of 1896 till now it has ever been under Mr. Whipple's watchful eye, and he has been ably helped by every one concerned with him in bringing it to its present state of perfection. Its location at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets was decided upon after much careful thought and weighing of possible future contingencies. Without unnecessary enumeration of the many arguments advanced for and against the selection of this site, it will readily be admitted that it is central, accessible from all directions, is within easy reach of all prominent churches, public buildings, places of amusement,

notable feature is the fact that none of the servants are quartered in the hotel. They are housed in a separate building specially constructed on model sanitary lines and situated at the corner of Tamworth and Lagrange Streets, opposite the main building. This separate building also contains the boilers, engines and electrical generators.

The style of architecture, interior embellishment and furnishing of the Hotel Touraine closely adheres to the period marking the dawn of the French renaissance, only deviating when necessary to meet the requirements of modern civilization. For in-

HOTEL TOURAINE

aspiration, the architects, Messrs. Winslow & Wetherell, selected the stately Château de Blois in the province of Touraine, France, as one of the purest examples of the many princely châteaux that sprang into existence in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the courtly, elegant and refined King Francis I. commenced to inaugurate a new regime of art in France. It was during the reign of this highly enlightened monarch that the Tuilleries, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, Chenonceaux and Villers-Cotterets sprang into existence "as by the touch of an enchanter's wand." The renaissance, which came into life with him, was not only the new birth of art, but the birth of a new civilization.

Visitors to the new Hotel Touraine will be forcibly reminded on first entering the main corridor from Boylston Street that they have stepped, so to speak, into a sixteenth century atmosphere. Nothing in the architecture or adornments will disturb this impression, unless possibly the main office should seem a trifle modern. The usual conveniences of news stands and other essentials will be in evidence in secluded spots, but nothing has been allowed to intrude itself that will mar the beauty of the vista opened to the visitor's eye. The long corridor, marble floored, its sides covered with highly polished sienna marble wainscoting to nearly half its height, opens into the grand dining saloon, over the entrance of which is a balcony for musicians. Every day during the dining hours, from six to eight o'clock, and from ten to twelve o'clock in the evening, a carefully selected orchestra will play in this balcony for the pleasure of guests. The hotel office, built of solid mahogany, is on the left of the corridor, and beyond this on the same side will be found one of the most unique features of the hotel, a superb library of twenty-five hundred or more carefully selected volumes, bound in calf and other substantial coverings, and encased in artistically designed antique oak closets. It will be exceedingly rich in historical lore, as well as poetry, fiction, popular science, travel, guide-books, dictionaries, and, in fact, all branches of lit-

erature calculated to inform and entertain average readers of the class likely to inhabit this princely abode. The books will be carefully classified and indexed, and will at all times be at the disposal of guests, who will find catalogues in their rooms. The idea of a library within the walls of a hotel is distinctly original with the Hotel Touraine. At the present time no other hotel in America possesses this very decided advantage. The daily papers will not be on file anywhere in the hotel, and neither the library nor any portion of the hotel is designed to be a lounging place for any one not a guest of the house.

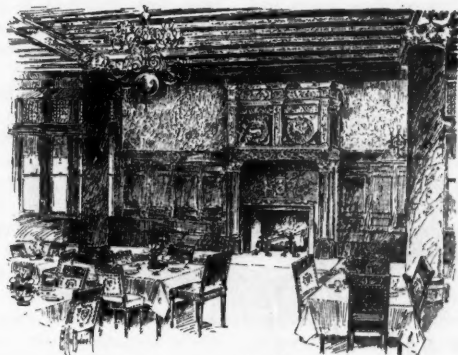
The passenger elevators are also on the same side of the corridor. On the right hand, opposite the office, is the grand staircase of sienna marble, which leads by easy steps to the second floor. Overhanging this is a richly ornamented dome with a centre round panel on which is painted two beautifully designed figures typifying Night and Morning. These are from the brush of Mr. Joseph De Camp, the noted figure painter, and a well known member of the Society of American artists. The scheme of coloring and decorative effects on the ground floor are all the product of this artist's taste and skill, as a matter of fact. Beyond the staircase is a small reception parlor, and next to that another oval parlor, which is destined to excite the admiring wonder of all who are fortunate enough to see it. This parlor is distinctly designed for ladies, and is in every sense exquisite to the last degree. Next to this is the music room, a splendidly designed feature in its way. The grand dining saloon at the end is the crowning glory of this portion of the house. Here the marvelous witchery of the artist and artisans has found its culmination, and where other features in the main corridor and saloons opening on it have suggested French renaissance, this room fairly blazes with the glittering arabesque ornamentation characteristic of the taste of Francis I. Immediately opposite the entrance to this room is a fireplace, the exact duplicate of the one to be found in the Salle des Gardes de la Reine in the famed Château de

HOTEL TOURAINA

Blois. Over this is emblazoned the heraldic emblems of Francis I. and Queen Claude. The effect of this rich fireplace is dazzling and will leave a lasting impression on the minds of all who see it in connection with the timbered ceiling and luxuriously designed furnishings.

In describing the beauties of this main floor of a hotel so masterful in every detail, it is difficult to avoid superlatives as well as to point out all the features deserving of commendation. Type is cold and cannot be made to give any idea of the warmth of coloring and general tonal effect that will create admiring wonder among all who visit the house. It needs to be seen to be appreciated. One feature of the ornamentation will

main corridor and also by a side entrance on Tremont Street. In the front portion of this basement on the Tremont Street side may be found the lavatory, baggage room and a small reception room. Further along is the barber shop and bar-room, and in the rear, immediately under the grand dining saloon and nearly corresponding to it in size is the café. This room is wainscoted in heavy antique oak and is treated in Dutch style. It is destined in time to become a favorite resort of club men, as it will possess nearly all the exclusiveness of a private club café with many additional advantages. On the Tamworth Street side of this floor and separated from the other half by heavy masonry is the kitchen, larder and store-room. The



Grand Dining Salon.

be noted by every one, namely, the plentiful use of heraldic emblems everywhere. The Fleur de Lys of France confront one on every side. This is entirely in keeping with the spirit of the time designed to be typified. Another feature of this floor is the handsomely decorated children's dining-room opening off the main dining-room. Outside of these two rooms and the café there will be no other dining apartments in the house, either public or private. Another feature will be the absence of a billiard room.

Before describing the portions of this model house above the main floor, we will ask the reader to accompany us through the basement and sub-basement. Passage to the former is gained by a fine marble stairway from the

sub-basement contains, in addition to the kitchen, specially designed cooking apparatus of the most approved modern pattern, refrigerators and a multitude of devices, all made to order, and many of them entirely new in design, though of thoroughly tested efficiency for the production of the most advanced style of artistic cooking. The ranges, boilers, and roast ovens are of French design, needing twelve different fires to run them and occupying a space fifty feet in length. Everything incidental to cooking is made in the most substantial manner, and is suggestive of absolute cleanliness. The ventilation of this portion of the house, as well as that of the other portions, is absolutely perfect. It would delight any thoroughly skilled housekeeper to

HOTEL TOURAINE

room through these kitchens and inspect the solicitous care that is freely evidenced on every side to insure absolute cleanliness and attain the most satisfactory results.

While reviewing the lower portion of the house it is pertinent to speak of the heating apparatus, situated in the separate building before referred to. It is conceded to have more advantages for the comfort of the guests than that employed in the heating of any other hotel in the country. The low pressure system is used, the principal portion of the steam utilized being the exhaust from the laundry engines and elevator pumps. Arrangements have also been made to provide against the possible contingency of a deficiency in the exhaust

eration than the plumbing fixtures. The system adopted by Mr. Whipple in the Touraine is entirely original and unique in more ways than one. It was adopted after a careful investigation of every meritorious system in vogue in the United States, and will unquestionably revolutionize the system of plumbing in large hotels. Nearly every room in the house has attached to it a separate bathroom, containing every convenience, and thoroughly ventilated. Naturally, so elaborate a system of plumbing required appliances designed to obviate the possibility of unpleasant odors, and the leakage of sewer gas. To attain this result in the first instance, and insure against the possibility of leakage in the pipes that would cause incon-



A Corner of the Cafe.

steam supply to draw direct steam through a reducing pressure valve, which, mingled with the exhaust steam, will insure at all times a moderate pressure of steam not to exceed two pounds. The steam piping is arranged to insure against the chance of cracking and snapping at all times, and is concealed in specially designed recesses in the walls of the building. No heating surface will be visible in any of the rooms but the radiators. The flow of steam in these is controlled by a patented vacuum system, making it possible for the occupant of a room to temper the air in the room to any desired degree.

No problem involved in the construction of a first-class hotel has necessitated more careful study and consid-

venience to guests and almost endless expense to the hotel, shafts were run from the cellar to the roof two feet by eight feet in dimensions. These formed perfect ventilating ducts. All the bathrooms were made to abut against these shafts, and the waste pipes were conducted into them in common with all the piping incidental to the complete plumbing of the house. The advantage of this system will readily become apparent. Any leakage can readily be detected and remedied without inconvenience to any one, while the plumbing is so absolutely perfect in every particular that there is not the remotest possibility of annoyance from sewer gas. That contingency is absolutely insured against. To further insure against the possibil-

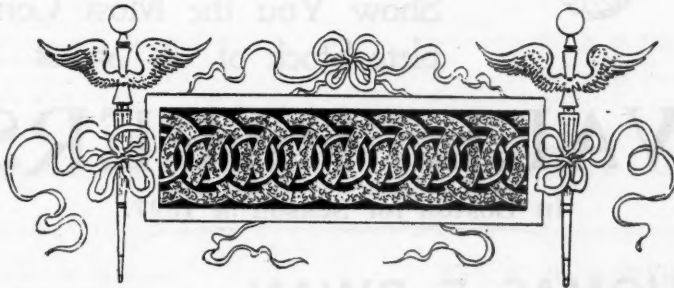
HOTEL TOURAINÉ

ity of offensive odors about the house, powerful blowers have been erected which will be run at high speed to remove thousands of cubic feet of foul air from all the bath and toilet rooms night and day, as well as from the kitchen and other portions of the building needing special ventilation.

The second floor of the hotel will be found to be specially attractive. It is here the visitor will first become introduced to the sleeping apartments. The arrangement of the rooms on all the sleeping floors is practically the same, except that on the floor immediately over the street floor the front portion is so arranged that it can be practically isolated from the remainder in case of need. It consists of a grand parlor on the corner overlooking Boylston and Tremont Streets as well as the Common, a hallway, and four rooms, one of which is a small parlor. There are bathrooms connected with two of these. On all the sleeping floors a wide hallway runs from front to rear and on each side of this hallway are arranged various sized sleeping rooms with private parlors attached to the rooms on each of the four corners of the building. There are but four rooms on each of the nine sleeping floors that are not supplied with bathrooms. These contain handsome marble washstands, however, with hot and cold water, and open plumbing. Every room contains a telephone which can be utilized by the

occupant to communicate with the office or with any other room in the house free of charge. In case the occupant desires to communicate with any part of the city or country or by long distance to any of the cities in the United States embraced in the telephone system, the regular tariff rate will be charged, and connection can be obtained without leaving the room. The telephonic system used in the Hotel Touraine is an absolutely new one, believed by the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company to be absolutely without a flaw. It has been installed at enormous expense and thoroughly tested.

All the sleeping rooms and parlors are connected by double doors, which can be fastened by the occupant of each room independently, thus insuring quiet and security. Of the furnishings of these rooms it is almost needless to speak. They are all specially designed and made to order, and are of the costliest description. No two rooms will be exactly alike, but in each the most scrupulous care has been taken to insure harmony and restful effects. Everything that can conduce to the comfort and convenience of guests has been provided, and it may safely be assumed that there is not a hotel in the world more luxuriously furnished, more replete with improvements and more attractive in every way than this truly beautiful product of the modern Athens.



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WALL PAPERS

In Boston for Season of 1897.

THOMAS F. SWAN, 12 CORNHILL.

Next Door to Washington Street.

NATIONAL



MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR

FEBRUARY, 1898.

VOL. VII

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

NO. 5

The Cover designed by Victor A. Searles.

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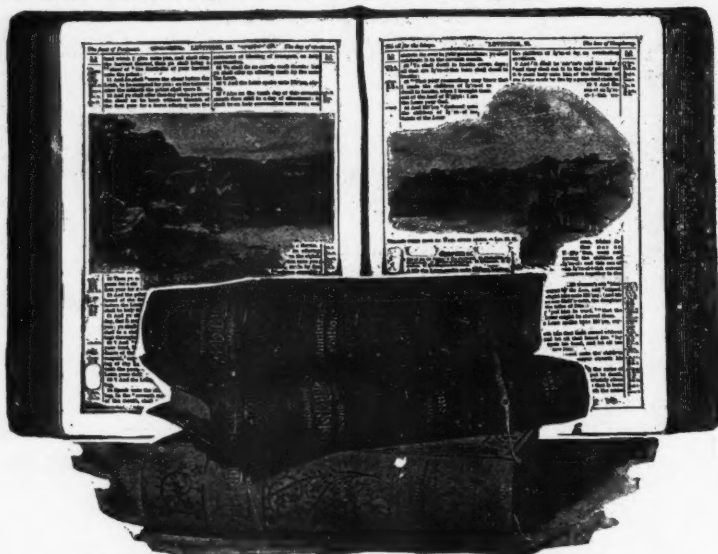
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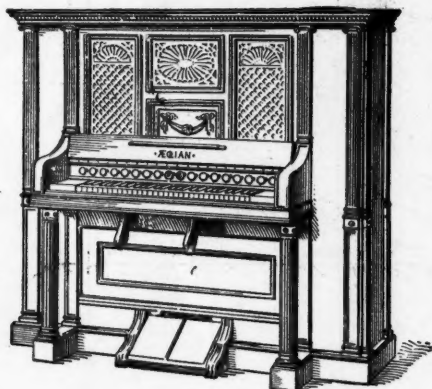
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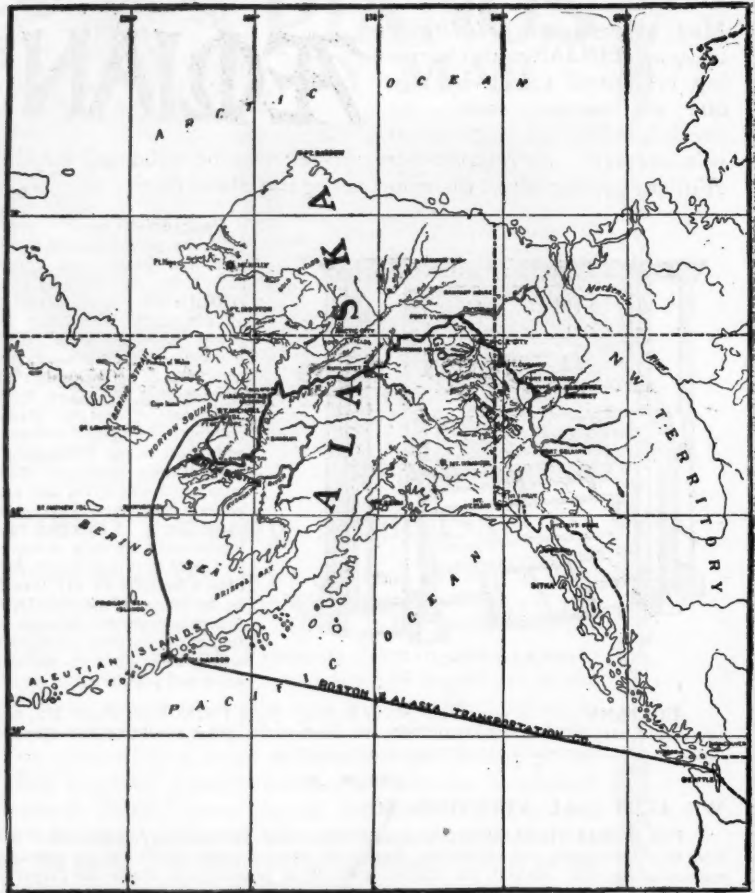
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Daily average circulation for 1896	5,989
Daily average circulation for 1897	9,288
Average daily circulation for LAST THREE months of 1897	10,886
Average circulation for December, 1897 . . .	11,422
Average Saturday circulation, December . .	12,948

The circulation of the WEEKLY TIMES has reached 4,100.

CIRCULATION OF THE SEATTLE DAILY TIMES

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1897.

December 1	11,013
December 2	10,953
December 3	10,987
December 4 (Saturday)	12,570
December 6	11,206
December 7	11,150
December 8	11,075
December 9	10,909
December 10	10,931
December 11 (Saturday)	13,061
December 13	11,168
December 14	11,113
December 15	11,877
December 16	11,108
December 17	11,117
December 18 (Saturday, reg. fair)	13,218
December 20	11,318
December 21	11,218
December 22	11,152
December 23	11,902
December 24	11,013
December 25 (Saturday)	13,100
December 27	10,703
December 28	11,457

December 29	11,528
December 30	11,359
December 31	11,103

Total for the month 308,400
Average for the month 11,422
Av. Sat. circulation for month 12,948

SEATTLE, January 4th, 1898.

Personally appeared before me, Mr. C. M. Leavitt, the Circulator of The Times Printing Company, and certified that he has absolute and complete charge of the circulation of The Seattle Daily Times, and alone makes up the order for the pressmen daily, and made oath before me that the foregoing circulation statement of The Times is true in every particular.

C. M. LEAVITT.

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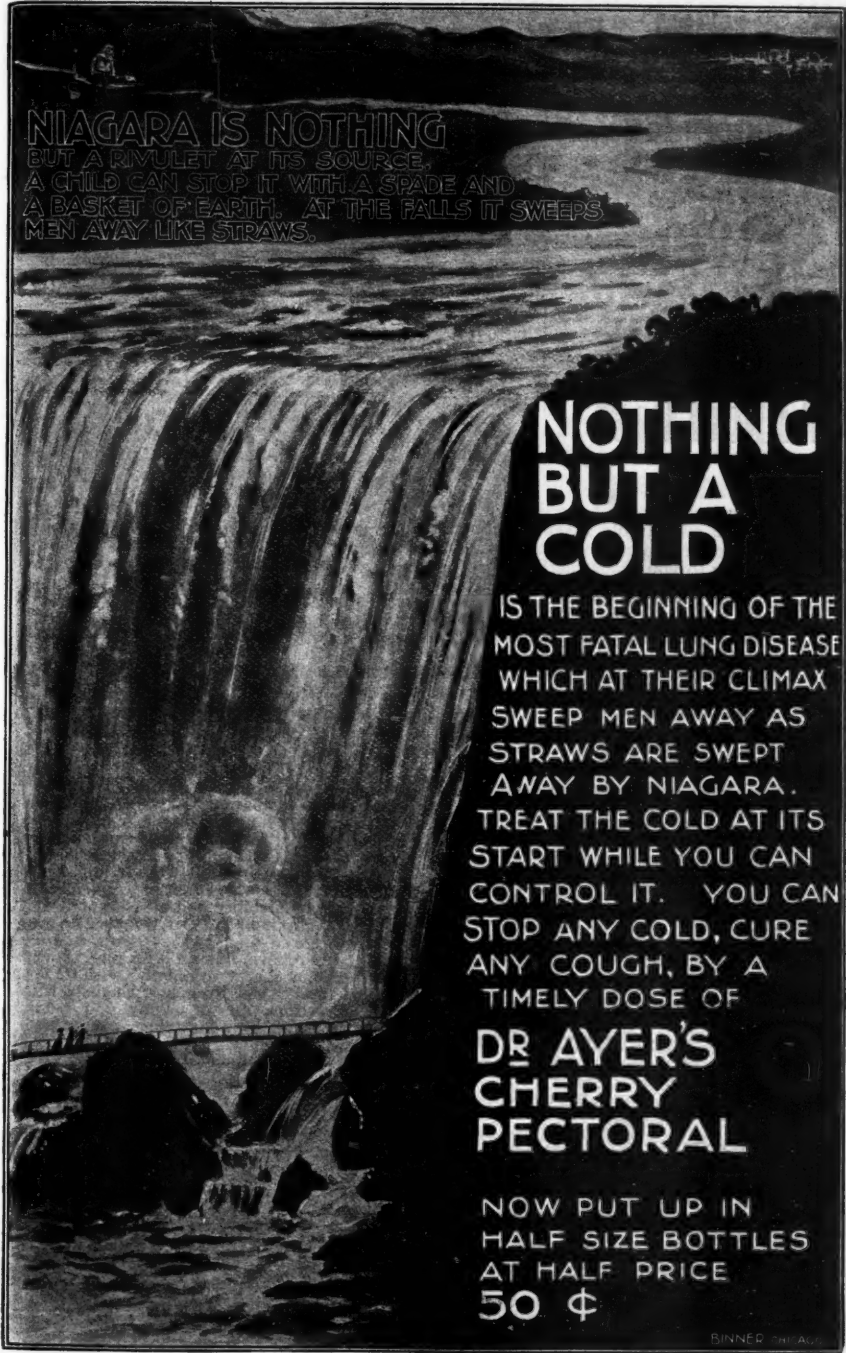
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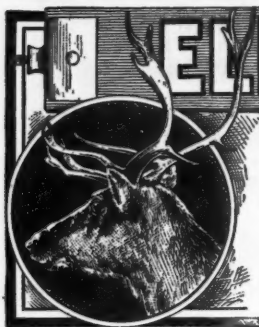
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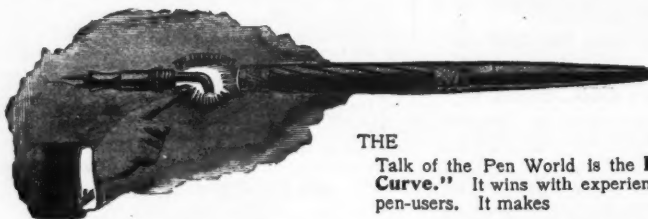
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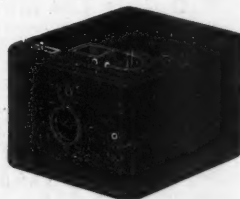
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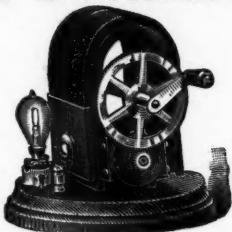
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